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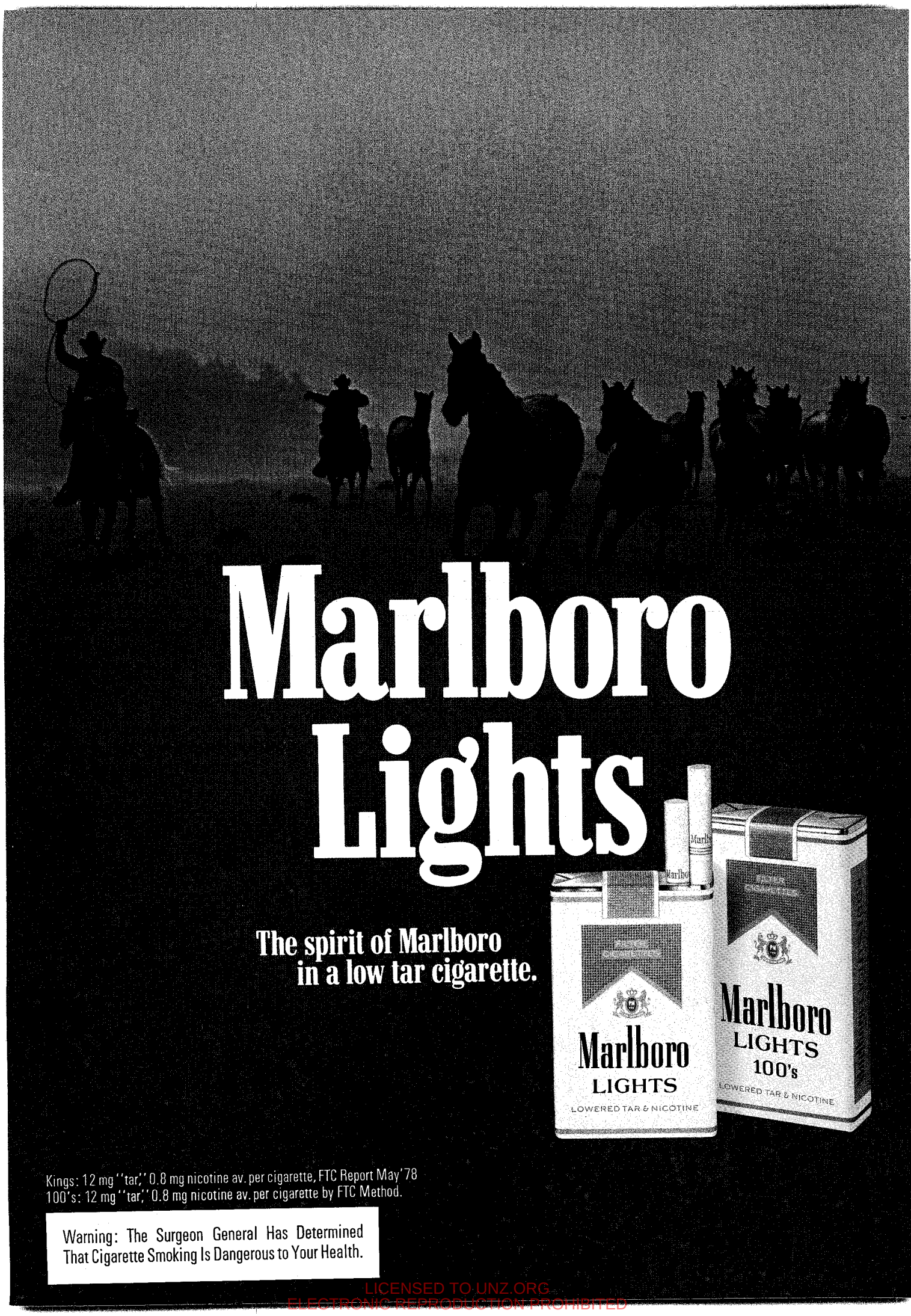
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TRB

from Washington
September 23, 1978

GOP Nitroglycerine

Jack Kemp sits beside me at breakfast. Questions spring from reporters all around the table, for he is co-sponsor of the Kemp-Roth bill to cut federal income taxes one-third in three years. Republicans have seized on it as the most valuable piece of political property in a lifetime: the equivalent on the national scene of hypnotic Proposition 13 in California. They have organized a three-day "Transcontinental Tax Cut Blitz," September 20-22, with rousing meetings from New York to California, and appearances by Jerry Ford, Ronald Reagan and who-have-you. It is a political-economic panacea like Bryan's greenback crusade, and it has overtones of excitement that might create a political revival for a desperate party.

Representative Kemp, Republican of New York, 43, born in Los Angeles, 13 years in professional football, American Football League's 1965 Player of the Year, is big, taut, likable, evangelical; he has brushed-back hair and up-turned nose; he talks as though somebody had pulled the trigger of a machine gun. Gestures are quick and intense: when he mentions holding down taxes his hands hold them down, like somebody kneading dough. He is right-wing and ambitious; already he is trying to knock out New York's liberal Republican Senator Javits, and it can hardly be doubted that he has thought of the White House. What a tub-thumper he would be at a rally; even here he is addressing a public meeting. The shock of hair tosses in his intense motivation; he crooks his shoulder instinctively, as though he were snapping one back again as quarterback of the Buffalo Bills.

Republican national chairman Bill Brock says the party has embraced Kemp's plan more firmly than any other plank in a generation. Arthur Okun of Brookings, Lyndon Johnson's chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, calls it "the most irresponsible financial policy ever taken in United States history."

Republicans badly need a shot of nitroglycerine. Only 20 percent of the public identifies with them. They have only 12 governors and control legislatures in only four states. They are outnumbered two-to-one in Congress. Now, suddenly, maybe they have discovered the Fountain of Youth. With a faltering Jimmy Carter, who knows? A presidential election is only two years away.

At a news conference here last week chairman Brock and Senate and House Republican leaders Baker and Rhodes handed out press kits containing 14 different news items about the great "Republican Tax Cut Blitz": "Over a three-year period, Roth-Kemp will reduce individual income tax rates by an average of 33 percent across the board; reduce the corporate tax rate by 3 percent (48 percent to 45 percent), and double the business surtax exemption from the present $50,000 to $100,000—help for small business and family farmers."

That's what the GOP explained. "If the American people really want to see their federal tax bill reduced in the years ahead they must elect a Republican Congress. It's that simple," said House minority leader Rhodes.

And the beauty of it—it won't cost anything! It will have an enormously stimulative effect on the economy. We will have our cake and eat it, too. We will tax-cut ourselves rich. The cut will bring in more revenue than was lost. "Won't substantial revenue losses occur?" asks the GOP with disarming candor in its question-and-answer catechism on the plan. The answer is, No. "In every tax-rate reduction since 1946," the analysis explains, "revenue losses *did not occur* [their italics], but actually increased."

For example, the famous Kennedy tax cut of 1964. It was engineered by economist Walter Heller and savagely fought by the Republicans at the time. Now they know better. They quote Walter Heller to support their argument.

What does Walter Heller himself say about Kemp-Roth? He says (in academic language, you understand) it stinks. But let him speak for himself, as he did in *The Wall Street Journal* of July 12:

"A $114 billion tax cut in three years would simply overwhelm our existing productive capacity with a tidal wave of increased demand and sweep away all hopes of curbing deficits and containing inflation. Indeed it would soon generate soaring deficits and roaring inflation."

Heller says, in effect, that the US economy in 1964 was like a child on a swing, coming back on a return drop and ready for another good push up. Today it is just the opposite, he says. There have been three or four years of economic climb; a push now would throw the kid over the fence.

I went through the GOP handouts to see what authorities they could find to support their scheme. There was no reference to Arthur Laffer, University of Southern California, the discovery of whose "curve" sparked Kemp and Roth in the first place. The Laffer curve supposedly showed how tax cuts would release enormous tax-suppressed energies. Perhaps he isn't cited because he recently told *Newsweek:* "There's more than a reasonable probability that I'm wrong. But . . . why not try something new?" Why not, indeed; we must win that election.

The GOP handouts cite prominent conservative economists but I wonder if they know how their names are being used. For example, the GOP makes a specific appeal to "minorities." It categorically declares, "The Roth-Kemp proposal is not a proposal to cut back spending." All "social programs" will be "kept to reasonable increases," it pledges.

But here is Dr. Alan Greenspan, Jerry Ford's economist, probably the most conservative man who ever headed the Council of Economic Advisers (he once opposed the anti-trust law, and the progressive income tax), saying, ". . . those who label Kemp-Roth as inflationary are assuming the same type of federal expenditure growth which has created our current problems."

More specifically Nobel Prize winner Milton Friedman says, "I support this bill since I believe that any form of tax reduction under any circumstances must eventually bring pressure to cut spending."

Nixon's Herbert Stein is for it, too. But why did he tell the American Enterprise Institute last July, in the "AEI Economist," that Kemp-Roth would "almost certainly reduce the revenue substantially," would take "thirty years" to pay for itself, and that "it would be rash to adopt a policy which raises the federal deficit even temporarily"? . . . Economists seem to have been blitzed, too.

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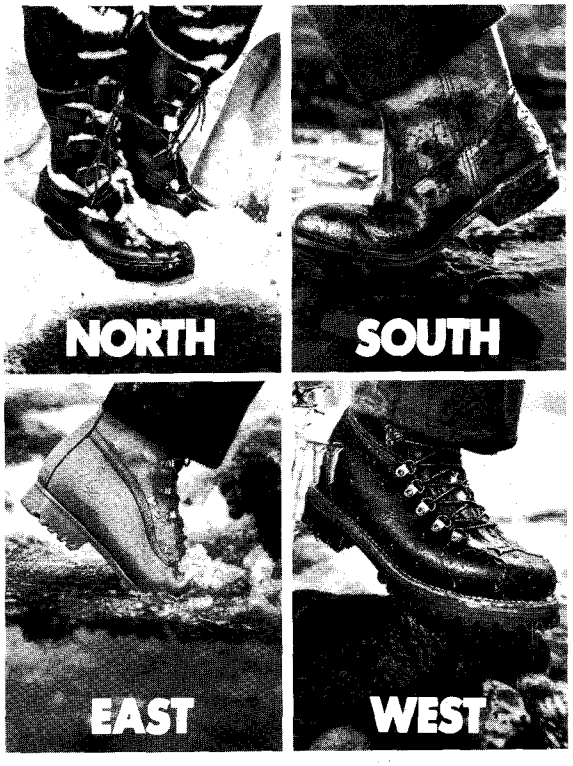

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 23, 1978

The Dynast

"Happy the country," Bertolt Brecht wrote, "which requires no heroes." But our country is unhappy, and it is looking for a hero. That's what the polls tell us, and have told us for more than a decade now—in fact, ever since Ted Kennedy's older brother was cut down at the threshold of victory in the kitchen of a Los Angeles hotel. Not a martyr's death exactly, Robert Kennedy's, but that of a victim of the bitter mood he simultaneously exploited and tried to bend to hope.

Will Teddy pick up the fallen banner? The question is being posed again for the fourth consecutive presidential campaign. Looking to 1980 the intensity and expectation are greater than ever before. The shine of our last great national legend survives the assault of accumulated facts that might tarnish it: the reflex of foreign intervention, the reflex of domestic surveillance, the reflex of personal vengeance, the reflex of provocative rhetoric, the reflexes of the principals and their courtiers who behaved as if they were born to govern. Much of this is not applicable to the senior senator from Massachusetts himself. It's his life, after all, that has been haunted by tragedy, his career touched by self-doubt. The meager attainments of reality in relief against the monumental conquests of myth. How many times might he have asked himself, "Am I worthy?" On the record—even though our politics seem to allow even the best of our politicians only the sparsest record of achievement—Ted Kennedy has more than vindicated himself. Moreover, honor is especially due him for not joining, nor for a moment suggesting that he would lead, the liberal retreat happening all about him. This, by the way, is not a retreat to a philosophy: in America we are not animated by philosophies. But it is greed that calls us, and the most pathetic shroud of thought shields our consciences from the sin of countenancing human wretchedness. Not, it should again be said, Teddy's conscience.

The durability of the Kennedy presence, however, cannot be explained by his fidelity to a generous vision of American society. This is the paradox of his popularity. Those who want him as *their* president do not necessarily want what he would want to achieve as *his* own president. Most likely they do not even know what he wants, or care for that matter. Perhaps the mass of them, not being among the privileged, might come to understand that the dogma of the stone heart that lies behind the current anti-tax delusions will benefit them less than the old liberal conviction that government exists to ameliorate misery or, as Locke put it more grandly, to secure for its citizens "a commodious life." Kennedy might even be able to persuade them of this. Would that he could.

Kennedy's emerging foreign policy is another matter. He will have a harder time persuading a doubting public about its wisdom. Its elements seem to include a credulousness about Russian intentions and interests, and about their susceptibility to sheer good will; an exaggerated sense of our moral debt to an indiscriminately perceived third world; and an overeagerness to mute our human-rights commitments in the service of fashionable causes such as "normalization" of relations with the People's Republic of China.

The appeal of the Kennedy alternative is particularly strong at this moment because the incumbent president appears to have made incompetence an art. Or, as one Washington commentator observed, Jimmy Carter's real accomplishment is to make Gerald Ford seem masterful. Faulty memory and the shadow of assassinations again play tricks on the mind. Don't we remember who the first Kennedy's best and brightest really were, and what enormities that cohort of monomaniacal ideologues and whiz-kid technocrats invented and rationalized? The truth about most of them never quite caught up with their reputations. The haughty style has served them well: it is often mistaken for ability. Kennedy will attract good men and women

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to him, we are assured by his partisans; maybe it is so, and surely there is no reason to burden him in advance with the worst of his brothers' associates. But this electoral strength may also be a substantive weakness.

If Carter had not surrounded the presidential person with so many louts and Snopses the lure of an imagined Kennedy entourage would not be nearly so great as it is. A similar dynamic may be at work with reference to public perceptions of the Carter and Kennedy families. It sometimes seems as if the "Soap" program's Campbell family has stumbled off the TV screen, psychopathologies and all, into the White House. But this image is not the fault of President Carter, and here again our memories may be playing tricks with us in any unfavorable comparison to the Kennedys. Nor should people be proud of desiring the restoration of a regal line and a regal tone to the presidential office. One of the least attractive, least democratic features of a Kennedy presidency would be the return en masse of the extended family (has it ever really departed?) of princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses to every medium of public information and entertainment.

One of the advantages enjoyed by dynasts is that they are accorded deference. In the Democratic Party, Kennedy has been accorded at least an implied deference. Aspirants for leadership, particularly among liberals, are always daunted by the residual loyalties of other politicians and of the public to that Kennedy ever in the wings. Will he or won't he? The question always seems to circumscribe commitment and opportunity or, at minimum, to justify insufficient resolve. Will any Carter challenger inevitably be made to seem a stalking horse for Kennedy? That apprehension does not disappear.

The most curious feature of the present Kennedy boomlet is that it occurs at a time of self-conscious and self-righteous moralism in politics that logically should have precluded any broad-based interest in his candidacy. The reason for that, too, is deference, the making of exceptions. If private peccadillos and transgressions are to disbar others from public trust, why is Kennedy exempt from the stern verdict? We are not inclined to make judgment on his personal life. It is his own. And who really dares cast the first stone? Apparently the people, or most of them, do not believe Senator Kennedy's explanation of the events at Chappaquiddick. That is a judgment and a harsh one. But the judgment somehow fails to become a judgment of character, at least one serious enough to question Kennedy's fitness for the presidency and for the moral authority it should exercise. What is so casually tossed off in Washington, among Kennedy's friends joyfully, among his adversaries sourly, among the pundits and odds givers confidently, is that "Chappaquiddick doesn't matter . . . folk forget . . . don't care. . . ." Dishonor, if that is what people believe it to have been, should not be treated with such deference.

One suspects that Edward Kennedy believes the intractables of history also will defer to him, that he will be able to impose himself on them, as Jack wanted to do, as he thought his heroes had. That is why Teddy's politics have an arrogant facility about them, even those elements of his politics that we share with him. This may be why he, and his brothers, have been so ready to dispense hope, that possibly indispensable currency of politics, even though, as Walter Benjamin suggested, "hope is given most to those utterly without hope." Hope can be a political asset, but it also is a social danger, especially when the prospect of fulfilling its terms are not reasonably certain. That is surely one lesson from the years of rage such as the late 1960s.

If Kennedy wants his party's nomination, it may just come to him easily on the platter of desperate Democratic desire. But even the nomination will not be his without great costs. It may entail, for example, the alienation from the Democratic Party of Protestant evangelicals and fundamentalists, offended not by his Catholicism but by what they may see as his flabby morals. The campaign that would follow would be bitter, even ugly, taut with the energy that politics-as-life-style and life-style-as-politics induce. It might all be different if Ted Kennedy could come to us as a contender in his own right, without the trappings or shackles of a past at once mythic and all too real. As it is, candidate or not, he comes to us, as it is said in the *Agamemnon*, "in excess of fame and danger."

Whether he wants it
and how he could get it.

Kennedy the Candidate

Democratic national committee chairman John White had breakfast with a group of reporters recently and told them that President Carter might be opposed for the party's 1980 nomination, but *not* by Jerry Brown or Edward Kennedy. John White may be the only Democrat in America who believes that.

There are no doubts about Brown's interest or availability. The only problem is whether the margin of his reelection as governor of California this November will be impressive enough to provide an adequate springboard for a challenge. Current California polls give Brown a comfortable and growing lead over the Republican nominee, attorney general Evelle Younger.

Just about the only question about Kennedy is

(continued on page 8)

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Correspondence

Fairlie's fallacies

To the editors:

Ever since I encountered his rhetorically inflated moral animadversions in the series on "The Seven Deadly Sins," I have been convinced that Henry Fairlie is a pseudonym for a miraculously resurrected Biblical patriarch.

Now after reading "The Real Life of Women" (*TNR*, Aug. 26 & Sept. 2) his identity is further revealed: he is none other than one of the elders who spied on Susanna.

Can't he be re-interred for once and for all in his proper century?

Muriel H. Adams
New York, New York

To the editors:

The arguments Henry Fairlie offers in "The Real Life of Women" for women's return to their essential "womanliness" were exhaustively and eloquently countered 30 years ago in de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*. Fairlie would do well to examine the *sources* of the insidious mythology that binds women to nature—that both "nurturing" and "destructive" force—the mythology that he so unquestioningly and generously prescribes for us. Fairlie would do equally well to consider that the consequence of this and all the other myths he subscribes to has been woman's estate—or does he think we have no grounds for complaint?

Elissa D. Gelfand
Department of French
Mount Holyoke College
Brookfield, Massachusetts

To the editors:

The amount of space given to Henry Fairlie's drivel about women makes me both sad and angry. It is the equivalent of telling blacks that they must keep their place lest they sacrifice their essential Negro nature. White Daddy knows what is best for us underlings and we mustn't get shrill or nasty if we disagree with him. I don't want his pedestal, new or old. I want the right to be taken seriously by credit managers, employers, politicians and even the editors of *The New Republic*.

Barbara Masson
Montgomery College
Takoma Park, Maryland

To the editors:

. . . I just wonder what woman or women there are in his life who make him think women *want* to be put on a pedestal? Do Gwen Somers, Grace Paine, Constance Bond, Ann Hulbert, Barbara Ledeen, Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien, Rhonda Davis Schoem, Doris Rubien, Barbara Truitt, Ruby McGowan and Donna J. Melson—the ladies he might meet if he brings his copy into the office in person—all want to be put on a pedestal? I doubt it. If they do, the life in the office must be hell for the men.

As for Mr. Fairlie as an art critic of nudes, I never read such nonsense. What in God's name does he think the bulbous-breasted, fat-assed women of Rubens are "withholding"? How can he look into the shrewd, commercial eyes of Manet's *Olympia* and imagine there was anything she would withhold from doing to give a male sensual pleasure? The nudes who *are* detached he does not mention. Degas's women climbing in and out of bathtubs, and concentrated on doing so without knocking their knees on the rim of the tubs, haven't got their minds on men at all, only the domestic ablutions at hand. There is a certain air of detachment in the faces of Giorgione's famous ladies, including the *Judith* in the Hermitage, but it does not depend on whether they are dressed or undressed, but results solely from the fact that *all* Giorgione figures, male and female, dressed and undressed, are living in a dream world, like Watteau's.

Fitzroy Davis
Putnam, Connecticut

To the editors:

Henry Fairlie's "The Real Life of Women" was a real shocker, as I'm sure you knew it would be. After I calmed down, I tried to compose a point by point answer in letter form, but the article so teemed with sexism that it seemed, finally, like arguing race with a klansman, so I quit. Apparently, Fairlie has sensed (no great feat) that the women's movement is momentarily on the run, and has decided to line up with the Midge Decter—George Gilder school of enlightened sexism ("It's okay not to be a mother as long as you realize you're a freak and an emotional cripple") while the lining up is still good. His piece read like the kind of thing men used to write for conservative women's magazines 10 years ago—e.g. "We men are just little boys, you gals *really* know what life is all about," etc. It's all there. Oh well, scratch a liberal and find a conservative.

Michael Anthony Howe
Austin, Texas

To the editors:

Henry Fairlie, in his gratuitous aside on the gay liberation movement ("The Real Life of Women"), asks the rhetorical question why the word "gay" is used in characterizing the gay liberation movement. His answer to his own question is a stunning example of something, but one is not quite sure what. He states, "The answer is clear if one looks closely at the movement. The proportion of genuine homosexuals in it is small." How does Mr. Fairlie define "look closely." It would be fascinating to know how he came up with a conclusion like that. Did he do it through interviews, questionnaires, reports by close relatives or friends? His answer bears no relationship to observable fact, to several published studies, to any kind of face reality. It also has nothing much to do with the question.

His question, of course, is shallow. More important is his unrelated answer. Mr. Fairlie seems incapable of entertaining the idea that same-sex involvements can have the complexity, genuineness, or depth of commitment which may be present in heterosexual relationships. This reflects solely the narrowness of Mr. Fairlie's point of view, not the nature of same-sex relationships. "Placing an unconditional value on one other person" is not a genitally dependent act.

A. Damien Martin
Associate Professor
New York University

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availability. National polls now show him well ahead of President Carter in all areas of the country as the Democrats' choice for 1980, and he runs stronger than Carter against all potential Republican nominees. Wherever he goes, he fields questions about 1980, and his answer never varies: "I expect President Carter to run again, I expect him to be nominated and I expect to support him." That's not entirely Shermanlike, and the response among many Democrats—those who hope he will run as well as those who fear he might—is, "Pay attention to what he does, not what he says."

Well, one of the things Kennedy has done over the past year-and-a-half is to emerge as one of the administration's most loyal backers in the Senate. On Panama, human rights, SALT, foreign affairs generally, labor legislation, welfare, aging, housing, transportation, hospital cost containment, tax reform and initially on energy, Kennedy lined up with Carter. But Kennedy also has staked out carefully his differences with the Carter administration on the Middle East arms package, on jobs and full employment, on national health insurance.

It's in the nature of the world Edward Kennedy lives in that nothing he does is measured strictly on its merits. A trip to Mississippi with retiring Senator James Eastland, whose Judiciary Committee chairmanship Kennedy inherits next year, is seen as a pre-1980 foray into the South. Opposition to the Saudi jet sales is read as solidifying support among Jews. Criticism of the Carter administration's too-timid jobs program is labeled a bid for labor and black support. In the world Ted Kennedy occupies, a trip to the Pope's funeral and a genuflection on the spot of Aldo Moro's kidnapping are political acts.

But Kennedy has lived in that world for a long time, and he obviously understands all that. His break with President Carter over national health insurance and the announcement that he intended to "take his case to the people" by holding health subcommittee hearings around the country were not the actions of a political innocent. Nor was his pre-arrangement months before with the managers of the Democratic mid-term conference that health insurance would have a spot on the agenda. Nor was his recent announcement that exit visas would be granted to 18 Jewish families in the Soviet Union. Nor was his speech to the national conference of mayors—which Carter had declined to address. Nor is his upcoming trip to the *New Hampshire* Democratic convention. Nor are his planned campaign swings through a dozen states this fall on behalf of Democratic senatorial candidates, some of whom spurned offers of a presidential visit. This is what Kennedy is *doing*, and some people think it all adds up: he's beginning to look like a one-man alternative government.

"What would you be doing right now if you were managing Ted Kennedy's presidential campaign for 1980?" I recently asked a veteran Democratic organizer. "Well, for one thing, right in the middle of the Camp David summit I'd have Kennedy return from Russia with some Soviet dissidents," he replied. The day after Kennedy announced the Soviet visa concessions, I asked the senator how certain he'd been of the arrangements before he went to Moscow. "Completely certain," he replied. That's the way diplomacy is conducted, he might have added. He knows what he's doing. Oh, Ted Kennedy knows.

Still, it's easy to believe that Kennedy means what he says about Carter in 1980, and, at the very least, that he has made no firm decisions about what to do himself. Presidential popularity is a volatile commodity and Carter might still turn things around. Kennedy is convincing when he says that Carter's image of incompetence is vastly overstated, and that much of the blame for stalemate lies with a Congress immobilized by the growing power of special interests. He also is convincing when he says he looks forward to the years ahead in the Senate, where his influence and stature never have been greater. "He doesn't feel any pressure to be president," says a friend who has talked to Kennedy about it. It's axiomatic these days that to win the presidency you've got to want the job.

Some of Kennedy's friends offer no encouragement for a race in 1980. "Many of us who are close to him are pleased with the knowledge that he probably won't run," said John Seigenthaler, publisher of *The Nashville Tennessean* and a former RFK aide. "We're afraid of what will happen to him, just plain fear. I'm perfectly satisfied to have him in the Senate where he's obviously able and safe," Seigenthaler said.

There are other restraining factors. Any balance sheet on Edward Kennedy as a potential presidential nominee has to take account of public uncertainty about his personal morality which dates back nearly a decade and is embodied in the single word "Chappaquiddick." A recent poll taken for *Time* magazine purportedly shows that a large majority of Americans are ready to put that issue behind them. Other pollsters confirm that finding. Still, if Kennedy moves to an active candidacy, he faces the certainty that Chappaquiddick would get another public whipping up and going over. When a similar Kennedy boomlet began in 1974, *The New York Times Magazine* published an article by Robert Sherrill entitled, "Chappaquiddick + 5," an examination of the unanswered questions about the accident and its aftermath. It was a stinging attack on Kennedy and it drew more reader response than any article in the *Times Magazine*'s history. If Kennedy does not irrevocably remove himself from the 1980 race, another, similar treatment is probably inevitable, perhaps this time on television. One imagines the worst: an ABC Sunday night docu-drama. And whatever the polls show, Chappaquiddick would be a problem for Kennedy in the South. "It would overshadow his liberalism down here," says one

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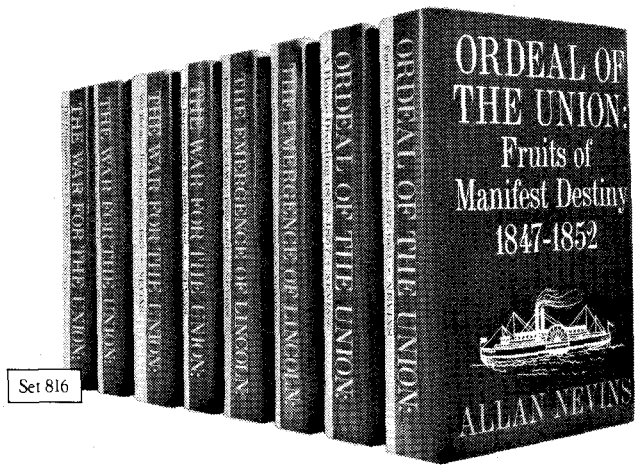

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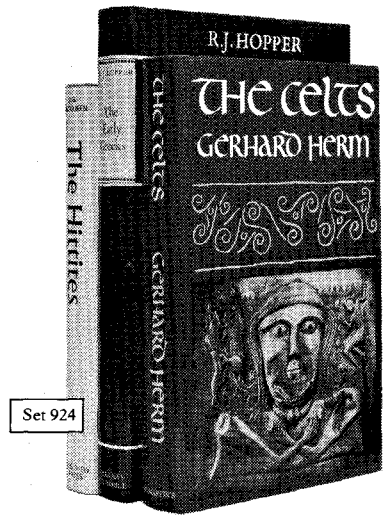

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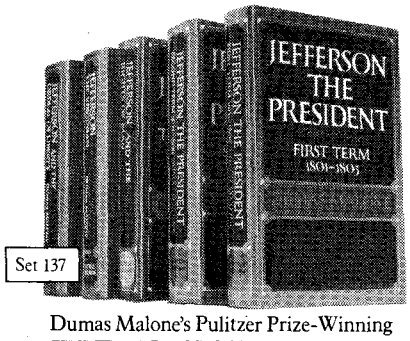

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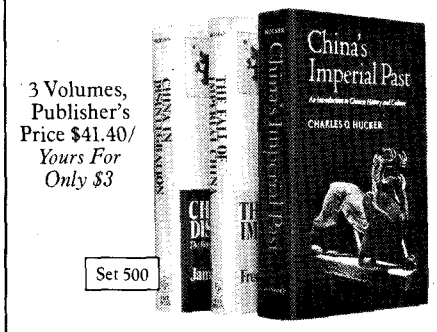

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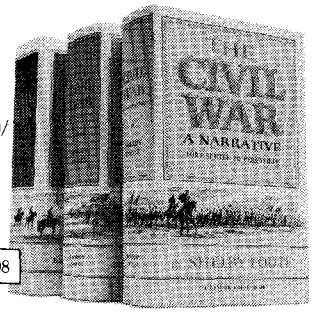

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prominent politician from the region.

For Democrats of a neoconservative bent, another negative item on the Kennedy balance sheet is his growing reputation as the nation's leading liberal and the accompanying fear that he's out of step with current impulses in the electorate. Last month, at the national governors' conference in Boston, for example, he showed up with charts and graphs to defend his position on national health. He also laid down a tough line on spending which jarred some of his listeners. In the same quarters, he's also suspected to be softer than he ought to be on the Russians.

Kennedy's liabilities are probably better known than those of any politician in America. But he also has some powerful political assets. Besides the name, which evokes a strong appeal, he touches all the major bases in the Democratic Party. He is one of several potential Carter opponents able to capitalize on Jewish disaffection with the administration's tougher stance toward Israel.

Kennedy is also more than reasonably popular in both wings of the labor movement. Right now he is the favored nominee (over Carter, Mondale, Moynihan or Brown) among the majority of unions that made up the highly effective liberal labor coalition of 1976, particularly the Auto Workers, Machinists, Graphic Artists and AFSCME (state and local government employees). UAW officials confirm that an early spring poll of several hundred union political leaders turned up preferences for Kennedy over Carter by a margin of four to one. Leaders of the Meany wing of labor may not swoon over Kennedy's foreign policy, but they know it is better to be with the rank-and-file in an election year than not to be. Prospects of a united labor front behind an acceptable candidate who they think can win ought to be a powerful incentive for labor solidarity.

It's often said on behalf of blacks that their votes elected Carter. More importantly, they can validly claim to have nominated him. Carter collared black support very early—back when, remember, Wallace still seemed to be a factor—and he was rewarded with a near bloc vote in some crucial primaries. Current Lou Harris polls show that Carter's black support evaporates against a challenge from Kennedy. The results: Kennedy 76 percent; Carter 14 percent.

The short of it is that Edward Kennedy has a strong personal base in the Democratic Party and, even as president, Jimmy Carter has none. Kennedy also can raise money. "A million dollars in a week out of New York alone—one thousand contributions of $1000 each," is the way one Democratic fundraiser puts it.

Finally, in contrast to President Carter, Kennedy has fashioned for himself an image of capable, independent leadership, a trait now widely endorsed by Senate colleagues on both sides of the aisle. With his health care stance, he is staking his bet that the public can be convinced that a more comprehensive, more expensive plan is better—even at a time when other Democrats are inclined to yield to Jarvis fever. He is also maneuvering for position to help lead the ratification fight on SALT, against the Jackson-Moynihan faction of the party. Both issues may be unresolved when the 1980 primaries get under way—and Teddy will own them.

The important thing is that Kennedy's well known liabilities don't diminish his assets. Chappaquiddick simply doesn't matter that much to the union leaders and blue collar voters who are drawn by his strong record on their bread-and-butter issues. And the Democratic establishment doesn't really fear an insurgency from the one person who they believe might be able to unseat an incumbent president in the primaries and still hold the White House for the party in November.

Now to the politics of the thing. How do the people talking about a "Draft Kennedy" movement envision it coming about? Here is one prescription:

First, Kennedy should not behave like a candidate. The way the polls are running now, if he even expressed an active interest in the nomination, the situation between himself and Carter would polarize and Kennedy would immediately inherit some blame for the stalemate that contributes to Carter's image of incompetence. So Kennedy himself need only continue to do what he's already doing—nail down the political bases and avoid closing the door altogether.

Second, it is no longer assumed in either party that a sitting president is automatically entitled to renomination. Still, with 35 primaries and pledged delegates everywhere, to win a nomination these days you must run for it: this is not an era of convention deadlocks and spontaneous drafts, as Hubert Humphrey finally learned. In other words, at some point—ideally as late as possible—Kennedy has to get into the race. To be nominated, he must be on the ballot for the May-June primaries. But he should not become an active candidate until signs are unmistakably clear that the party and its leaders are determined to have an alternative to Carter, or that if Carter were nominated he surely would lose.

So, the "Draft Kennedy" idea might run along the following timetable. Pass up New Hampshire. To run in the first primary on February 26, candidates must file by mid-December, 1979. Leave that field to Carter, Brown, Moynihan or whoever else comes along. If it seems important later, New Hampshire has a strong tradition of write-ins.

As it was in 1976, Iowa is the key. The nation's first caucuses will be held there on January 14, 1980. Iowa is where Jimmy Carter got his start and his success depended on strong backing from the UAW, indisputably the best political organization in the state. Chuck Gifford, the political chief of the UAW in Iowa, who was instrumental in Carter's 1976 effort, is

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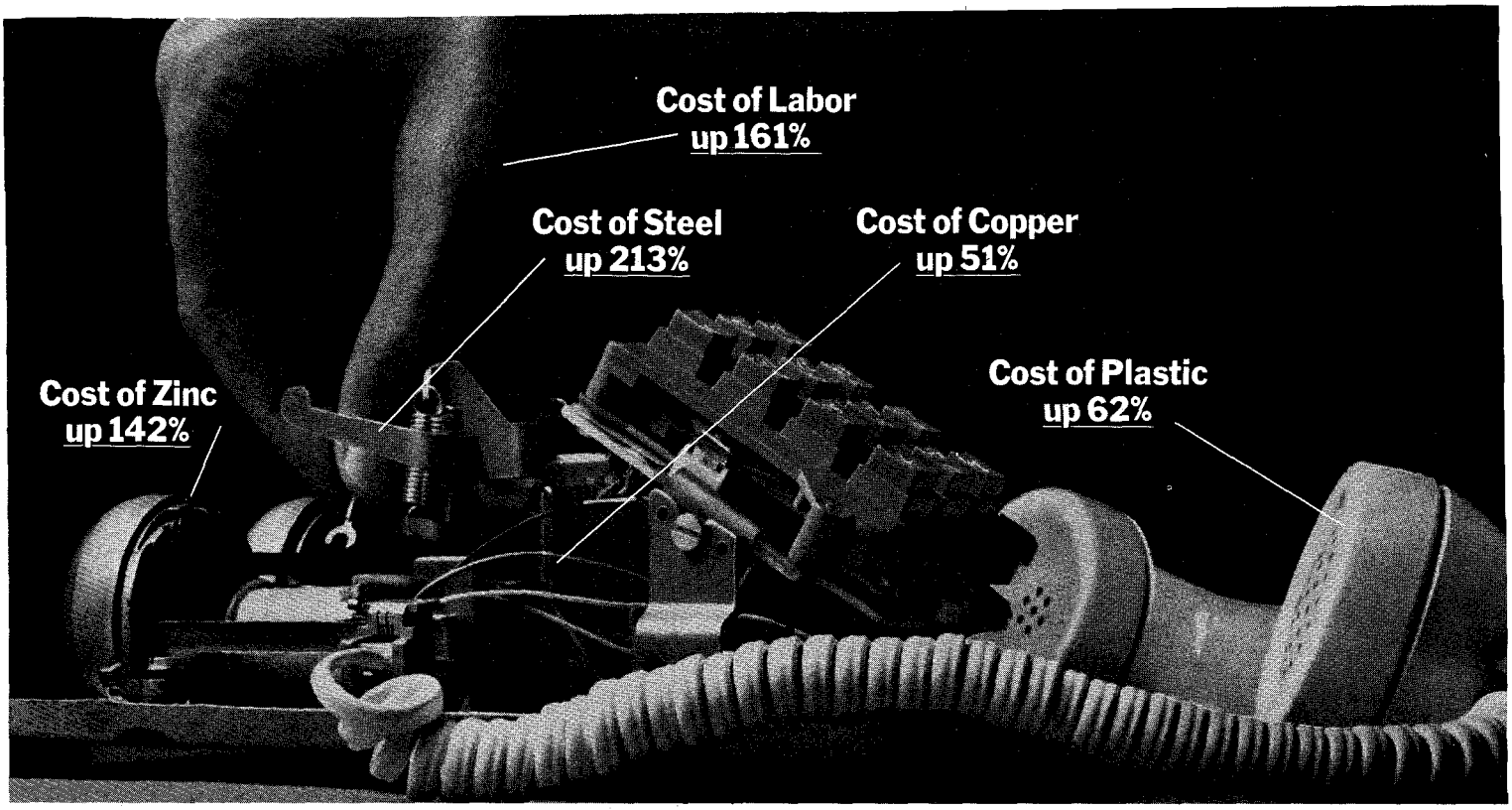

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already on record for Kennedy in 1980 and ready to organize. What Gifford might organize is a delegate slate including other labor leaders and party officials, technically uncommitted but known to be for Kennedy. Senators Dick Clark and John Culver would not have to be on that slate for it to win, but they could be, so long as their friend Ted Kennedy is able to say, "They didn't ask me."

Iowa could be the definitive test, not inspired by Kennedy but not disavowed either, which would enable him to say, "Alright, it's obvious that the Democrats want a choice."

Then, Florida's secretary of state has until January 20 to make up the ballot for that state's March 11 automatic entry primary. If Kennedy does not file a disclaimer, he becomes a candidate and automatically will go on the primary ballots in 13 other states. Forced onto the Florida ballot, he would not be expected to win—merely to do well enough there or in a later southern primary to demonstrate that you don't necessarily lose the South if you dump Carter.

Where does Kennedy make his first active stand? In Illinois on March 18, Kennedy country if anyplace is, where the Cook County Democratic machine is ethnic, Catholic and black and where Mayor Daley's Irish heirs would like nothing better than an opportunity to turn out their legions for another Kennedy. By the way, Illinois is on the list of states that Edward Kennedy will visit during his campaign swing this fall, and Cook County chairman George Dunn, a man of vision, has scheduled a session for Kennedy with all the precinct captains of the Daley organization. It ought to be a sight to behold.

What the Draft Kennedy schemers are counting on is that support and money would come together quickly for Kennedy, so it would not be necessary for the nation's number-one Democrat to be in open revolt against his president for a long period of time. Also, a Kennedy insurgency would be unique in that it would include a substantial part of the party establishment in nearly every state.

At the White House they say that Edward Kennedy won't run in 1980 because he knows it would split the Democratic Party right down the middle. Reporting that assessment to a convention of machinists in Ohio, Alan Baron, the editor of an insider political newsletter, told the assembled union leaders that he thought the White House calculations were wrong. "It would split the Democratic Party right down the *edge*," Baron quipped. The applause was thunderous. That's also the sort of thing the Draft Kennedy crowd is counting on.

Ken Bode

With this issue, Ken Bode *begins a sabbatical to take up a Sloan Fellowship at the Woodrow Wilson School of Princeton. He will be reporting occasionally on politics for* TNR *throughout the coming year.*

Last chance for liberalism?

Kennedy the President

Edward Kennedy favors national health insurance, as everybody knows. He also favors detente with the Soviet Union, a break-up of the big oil companies, immediate normalization of relations with Communist China, the Equal Rights Amendment and Medicaid-financed abortions. He doesn't think Russian mucking about in Africa should affect our willingness to negotiate arms limitation treaties. He co-sponsored the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment bill. He publicly criticizes human rights violations in Chile, Argentina, South Africa and Nicaragua, but prefers the "quiet approach" to the Soviet Union. He opposes tuition tax credits for private schools. He's spoken against the M-X missile, the neutron bomb, the cruise missile and nuclear aircraft carriers. He favored getting out of Vietnam and voted to keep the US out of Angola.

Ideologically speaking, what does all this make Teddy Kennedy? If you like him for president, or just like him, it makes him a liberal, a "conventional liberal," a "New Deal liberal," a "Great Society liberal," an "updated 1960s liberal." Senator Kennedy will not flinch if you call him "a big liberal." A Democratic Party activist calls him "maybe the last chance for the salvation of liberalism as we knew it."

But, if you don't like Kennedy for president, if you preferred Henry Jackson to Jimmy Carter in 1976 and lean to Daniel Patrick Moynihan in 1980, you are probably not willing to yield the "liberal" label to Kennedy, unless you call him a "new politics liberal." For example, Ben J. Wattenberg, a former White House aide to Lyndon Johnson and campaign adviser to Jackson, thinks that Jackson and Moynihan, not Kennedy, are heirs to the Great Society-New Deal tradition. He thinks Ted Kennedy is not even a proper heir to the hard-line foreign policy tradition of President John F. Kennedy. Wattenberg and some of his allies in the Democratic Party see a chasm opening up in the Democratic Party, and they see Kennedy on one side and themselves on the other. According to them, those on the other side are heirs to the 1972 Democratic convention, to "new politics" and to the policies and attitudes of Senator George McGovern.

According to Kennedy's critics on the right, the Massachusetts senator's sky-high poll ratings will plummet when the public finds out where he stands on issues. They think, they fervently hope, that he will not be such a far-away front runner for the Democratic nomination, should President Carter falter. They think, given the apparent rightward thrust of the American political pendulum, that if Kennedy did win the nomination in 1980, he could be beaten by any "reasonable" Republican. And they think that if Kennedy actually were elected, his policies and

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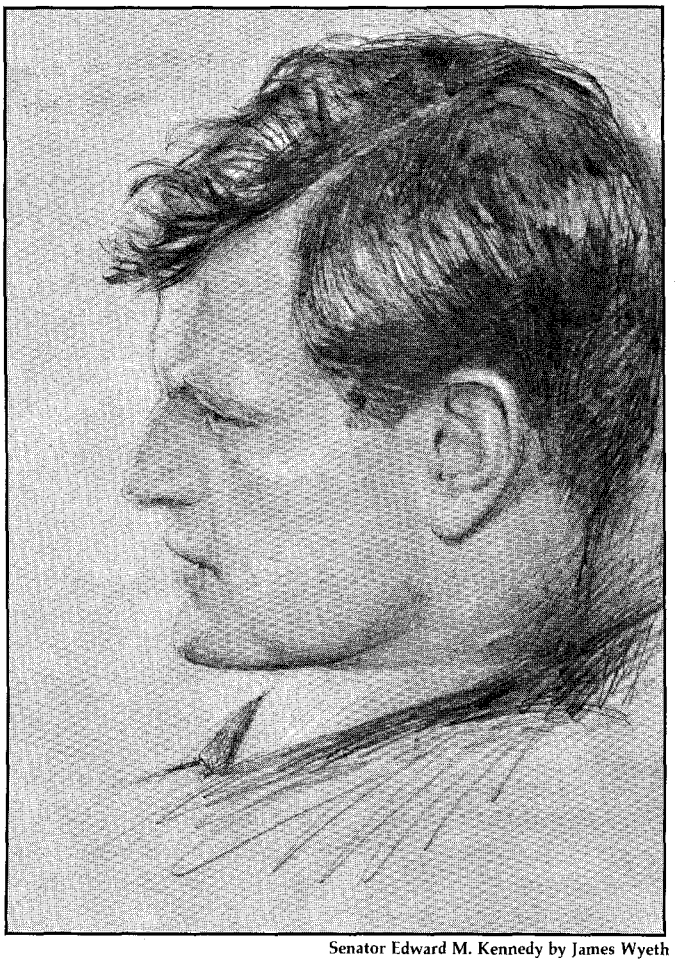
appointments would be closely similar to those of President Carter, and would receive the same public reaction of non-support verging on contempt.

I don't believe it, and neither, deep-down, do they. Wattenberg and other hard-line intellectuals may not like Kennedy's positions on issues, but they do not talk about him with anything like the same disrespect they show toward Carter and Senator McGovern. "An enormously skilled politician," Wattenberg calls Kennedy, "a bright guy who works hard. Perhaps the most skilled politician and senator we have, now that Hubert Humphrey is dead." An associate of Wattenberg says, "In foreign policy, Kennedy is a straight McGovernite, but he's not an ideologue. He's not in the grip of a movement mentality. Carter has appointed most of the same people that McGovern would have, and Kennedy would have them in his administration, too. Kennedy would go full steam in the direction that Carter has drifted."

What this critic means is that Kennedy knows where he wants to go and how he means to get there, even though he thinks the direction is wrong. This is a far cry from the impression that McGovern created in the 1972 election or that President Carter conveys now. Even Kennedy's political foes are forced to admit that a Kennedy presidency, if there were one, would be authoritative and directed from the top. Once there was a time when Kennedy, sitting at Senate hearings, resembled a ventriloquist's dummy who was able only to repeat what he was told by an aide sitting behind him. Those days are long gone. If you talk to Kennedy now, he obviously knows what he is talking about. He knows the percents of GNP that the Soviet Union and the United States are spending on weapons. He's got in his head the rough proportions of America's balance of payments deficit attributable to Japanese imports, oil purchases and US overseas military operations.

More than that, he gives the impression of having thought, and clearly, about how the world is put together. He thinks that the first foreign policy priority of a US president should be to prevent World War III, and he thinks that Soviet leaders, having experienced the ravages of World War II, share that aim. On his recent Moscow trip, he said, Soviet dissident leader Andrei Sakharov concurred that the US and the Soviet Union should not allow human rights considerations to undermine SALT negotiations. Kennedy thinks it is more effective to help Soviet dissidents by bargaining with the Kremlin than by bellowing, and proved it by bringing back a promise that 18 families will soon be released. He thinks that US-Soviet competition is inevitable, but he is not losing his head, for example, over Soviet and Cuban inroads in Africa. "I don't think the record shows that the Soviets have been notably successful there," he said. "I fundamentally believe that in 30 or 40 years, no matter what the great powers do, the Africans are going to live in African countries with African societies and will solve their problems with



Senator Edward M. Kennedy by James Wyeth

African solutions. They are not going to trade one colonialism for another."

Such ideas are deemed "soft" policy by Kennedy's critics, but somehow Kennedy does not convey an impression of being a "soft" person who would not defend American interests if they were threatened. He also does not seem to believe, as some New Left-New Politics activists surely did, that there is something inherently evil—racist, imperialist, exploitative—about the United States that renders it unfit to pursue its aims in the world. There is nothing isolationist about Kennedy.

To the contrary, Kennedy's moral sense applies as much to the downtrodden of the world as to those in the United States. Since early in his Senate career, he has been chairman of the subcommittee on refugees, an obscure panel without notable political payoff in conventional terms, and he has been an active, eloquent and widely-traveled chairman. In one of the most riveting speeches I have ever read, Kennedy last year told a World Health Organization meeting in Geneva, Switzerland: "I have walked through the refugee camps in Bangladesh and the Middle East. I have seen lifetimes of hunger packed into lives of children too young to understand their condition. I have seen their small figures, warped and deformed from malnutrition. I have seen their parents aged before their time, hollowed eyes peering out of bodies wracked with disease." Television doesn't report and the in-

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dustrialized world doesn't care that millions die of filariasis and malaria, he said. "The crisis is a silent one." He has proposed a series of measures to direct US health policy to pay attention to the rest of the world's diseases, as well as our own.

Kennedy has a sense of outrage and commitment that his brothers also conveyed. But according to one of the country's best congressmen, Abner Mikva of Illinois, "Whatever his brothers were, they were not great legislators, and Teddy is. If Teddy were president, he would have command of the legislative process in a way that no president has had since FDR, better than LBJ's." Other senators, too, consider Kennedy a formidable legislator—though better at generating ideas than at soliciting votes—and they think that Kennedy would be able to get out of Congress what McGovern clearly couldn't and Carter can't.

In a way that Carter also can't be, Kennedy almost certainly would be fully in command of his administration. He never would give his cabinet officers the power to pick their own assistant secretaries the way Carter was forced to do for lack of wide contacts. Kennedy's Senate work has involved him deeply in health, labor, anti-trust, transportation, foreign policy, welfare and so on. He can pick up a telephone and call on any expert in the country for advice. "He has a long bench" of advisers, one admirer said. "He's not dependent upon any of us for his information."

In the Carter administration, except for Carter's tight circle of Georgians, almost no one, even in the White House, seems to owe primary loyalty to the president. Department aides tend to be loyal to their pet policies, the congressional committee that oversees them, the special interest that badgers them, their bosses, their careers—almost anything comes before loyalty to the president. That would not be the case with Kennedy. He would not be limited to a Georgia Mafia or even an Irish Mafia. It would be a very big Mafia, indeed. To the good, it would do his bidding; to the bad, it would not talk if what he did was wrong.

A Kennedy presidency would be activist. It would expand government's involvement in people's lives (though Kennedy favors deregulation and increased competition in transportation and other business). It probably would be expensive. Kennedy policy would favor consumers over corporations and poor people over rich people. He'd be for arms reduction, non-proliferation and nuclear test bans. He'd be for Israeli security and he would initially have exuberant support from the American Jewish community, but he'd also press for a peace. What Kennedy stands for would not be too different from what Jimmy Carter stands for, it is true. But, boy, would *he* be different.

Of course there remains the question: Does he have *character*? What happens when Teddy Kennedy gets into a tight spot? He cheated in college, which is pardonable. But there is every reason to believe he lied about what happened at Chappaquiddick and has yet to tell the truth. Some of his friends say he's grown since then. Representative Mikva says that, yes, Kennedy failed two moral tests, but he must have passed a thousand we will never know about. Kennedy's character could affect the course of American history if he became president. Johnson's did. Nixon's did. We survived them both, and maybe Kennedy's flaws, whatever they are, should be discounted against his considerable merits. Fortunately, it's not something we have to decide today.

Morton Kondracke

Coming:
Robert Lekachman makes
the case for controls.

White House Watch

Summit Time

This is about some of the things that went on at the White House during what a few reporters will remember as the good old summit time. It was the blessedly quiet and in many respects revealing time at the White House when the President was holed up at Camp David with Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin and hundreds of journalists and media technicians were making fools of themselves in nearby Thurmont, Maryland, trying to dredge something from the nothing that Press Secretary Jody Powell offered at his daily non-briefings.

Powell announced before the retreat to Camp David that Jimmy Carter had directed Vice President Mondale to take over most of the President's normal responsibilities so that the President could concentrate on pushing Sadat and Begin toward agreement. Constitutional purists in the White House press corps, which includes every conceivable type of purist, instantly challenged this assertion. "When it comes right down to it," Sam Donaldson of ABC barked, "is Mr. Carter going to be running the country or is Mondale going to be running the country?" The correct answer remained, of course, that neither of them would be running the country. Powell was caught as he deserved to be in his effort to get a little something extra for both Carter and Mondale out of the impending summit. He said all he meant was that the uniquely close understanding between this President

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and this Vice President enabled this Vice President to serve in a way that previous Vice Presidents never had. Some reporters put together stories about "the Vice President's new role," with indifferent results. Mostly Mondale did what he usually did, traveling for political purposes and, between visits to Camp David, lobbying for the administration's current concerns in Congress—notably civil service reform, sustaining the President's veto of a defense authorization bill and the weird and symbolic hybrid known as the natural gas compromise. He did some lobbying that Carter ordinarily would have done. Otherwise, as the Vice President's chief of staff, Richard Moe, said to his associates, the only thing new about Mondale's interim role was the sudden interest in it.

White House people including Mondale were surprised by the handsome margin by which the House sustained the President's defense veto. They had expected to win, but not by 74 votes. The resultant surge of hope that Carter's fortunes in Congress were at last turning his way was accompanied by a continuing endeavor to convince skeptics that the defense veto was a genuine act of principle and courage on the President's part and not a calculated ploy to improve his image. The imagery story cast Gerald Rafshoon, the President's new assistant for communications, as the real motivator of the veto. A fairly convincing though inherently biased official reconstruction of the events leading to the veto gave a more prominent role to the Office of Management and Budget's defense monitors and to its director, James T. McIntyre, Jr., one of Carter's less visible Georgians. McIntyre has taken pains to attract less notice than his flamboyant predecessor from Georgia, Bert Lance, did before he quite in disgrace last September. The gist of the proffered account is that McIntyre and OMB's associate director for national security and international affairs, Edward R. (Randy for Randall) Jayne, began warning Carter in June that Pentagon and congressional proposals for defense spending were getting out of hand and that he should brace himself for vetoes. Their objections went to both the defense equipment procurement bill that Carter vetoed and to the more inclusive defense appropriations bill as it evolved in House committees. Their argument eventually centered upon the two billion dollars authorized in the Senate bill for a nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. In memoranda and at a White House senior staff meeting on the Saturday before Carter announced his veto, McIntyre pressed his view that finding the two billion dollars for the carrier within the overall defense budget limits set by Carter and Congress would require drastic cuts in programs including research, NATO support and other naval expansion. Some assistants, among them domestic adviser Stuart Eizenstat and political specialist Anne Wexler, warned that a veto could cause trouble on other issues but did not oppose it outright. At a White House luncheon the day before Carter announced his veto and sent his veto message to Congress, McIntyre urged his view upon the President in person. Rafshoon and Carter's ubiquitous friend and unofficial adviser, Atlanta lawyer Charles Kirbo, agreed that it was time for Carter to take a stand and that this was a good issue to take it on. The emphasis in the aftermath accounts is on Carter himself. He's said to have said with great vigor that the authorization bill as it had come to him was wrong and that a veto was right and necessary. Dissent is said to have evaporated then and there and to have been forgotten by some dissenters.

Explaining the veto demanded explicit distinctions between the authorization bill and the pending appropriations bill. It also required a clear indication that much of the harm caused by the authorization bill would actually surface in programs funded in the appropriations bill. Carter's written veto message made these distinctions. His oral announcement at his press conference on August 17 did not, causing hurtful complaints in Congress that the President had vetoed the wrong bill. A few hours before the press conference, the draft statement as it was last reviewed by Jayne, chief White House writer James Fallows, defense spokesman Tom Ross and several others still made the vital distinctions. Powell, Rafshoon and lastly Carter were the final editors. Somebody, the evidence indicates Carter himself, cut out the distinctions, presumably to improve clarity and impact. During the Camp David summit the President's apologists were still saying that he really understood the situation that his oral announcement muddled.

On Friday, the fourth day of the Camp David summit, the first version of the first of a series of newspaper columns by Jack Anderson threw four Carter Georgians—staff chief Hamilton Jordan, Attorney General Griffin Bell, Powell and Charles Kirbo, who was minding his law business in Atlanta—into an enormous tizzy. Carter was told that the matter could be serious. Anderson in a succession of columns and revisions, supplemented by broadcasts, moved from suggesting that Jordan, Bell and Kirbo were involved in a "$10 million political fix" to saying that maybe it was all a hoax. The initiator and beneficiary of the fix was supposed to be Robert Vesco, the indicted and fugitive financier who is accused of stealing hundreds of millions of dollars from a mutual fund he once controlled. Vesco's intermediaries and instruments were supposed to include Spencer Lee IV, an Albany, Georgia, attorney and friend of Jordan's and several other Georgians including a man indicted for fraud and represented by Lee. They, Lee in particular, were said to have been promised millions of dollars in Vesco stock if they would use their influence with Jordan, Bell and Kirbo to get Carter to get federal prosecutors off Vesco's back.

The response was a sign of how sensitive the

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President and his belabored Georgians have become. Robert Fiske, the US district attorney who has conducted the Vesco inquiry, was brought from New York City to Washington to help refute the Anderson story. Jordan and Kirbo issued formal denials and Jordan consulted Washington's foremost defense attorney, Edward Bennett Williams. On Saturday Bell's chief spokesman, Terry Adamson, briefed four reporters who had checked with the Department of Justice on the first Anderson column. Jordan and Powell helicoptered from Camp David to the White House on Sunday and briefed the same reporters or associates from the same newspapers. Anderson said in a revision of his first column that there is no evidence that either Jordan or Kirbo "lifted a finger in Vesco's behalf with . . . Bell or the President." Anderson gave officials a photocopy of a typed carbon of an unsigned letter that a secretary in Georgia said she had typed for Lee and mailed to Jordan, seeming to tell him that the scheme he and Lee had discussed was going well. Jordan and his White House secretaries, Edie Draper and Eleanor Connors, said that no such letter was ever received and that no such letter was in Jordan's files. A reporter at the Powell-Jordan Sunday briefing said Lee had just said by telephone that he had never written that or any other letter to Jordan. I've known Eleanor Connors since 1969 and I believe what she says.

Two minor footnotes to this affair are interesting. Rosalynn Carter and Robert Pastor, a National Security Council staffer who accompanied her on a tour of Latin America in June 1977, heard about Vesco in Costa Rica, where he was then in refuge and making problems. Mrs. Carter mentioned the matter to the President and Pastor mentioned it to his boss, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Carter later expressed interest to the Costa Rican government and to the Department of Justice in bringing Vesco to trial in this country. Brzezinski expressed the same interest in a memo to the department. White House and department officials don't know to this day just what Mrs. Carter heard about Vesco in Costa Rica and reported to the President. Department officials are far from certain that Brzezinski told the literal truth when he said in his Vesco memo that he was conveying the President's directions. They had previously caught Brzezinski acting on his own initiative when he had said he was acting at the President's direction. This is an old White House staff trick, but it is not one that wise assistants let themselves get caught at.

Carter set off a lesser flap by asking his friend Kirbo to keep track of a spreading investigation of the General Services Administration and reports of scandalous procurement practices on a truly awesome scale. The first news accounts had Kirbo practically taking over the whole inquiry, from GSA's internal investigators and from the FBI. A later and more credible version has it that Carter got tired of some of the detail forced on him by the GSA administrator, Jay Solomon, and merely asked Kirbo to keep Solomon happy by listening to him whenever necessary. The major point of interest in all this, apart from a feeling that Kirbo was getting more into government business than any private citizen should, was that Carter had totally endorsed and embraced Robert Griffin, the former GSA deputy administrator who had been fired at Solomon's insistence and placed in another job arranged for him on Carter's orders. How, the subterranean and occasionally published question went, could an official who was as efficient and honest as Carter said Griffin was have been ignorant of all the misbehavior within GSA while Griffin was its deputy administrator? Was Carter, in short, likely to be tarred by some involvement of Griffin in the scandals? Griffin has an answer that he says he's seldom asked to give. It is that of course he knew what was going on in GSA while he was its deputy and at times its acting administrator. "I started the investigations in GSA," he says. He says he initiated the first one in 1976, put 150 investigators in the field in 1977, and pushed the current inquiries before Solomon and Carter got interested in them this year. He also says he told as much to Hamilton Jordan before Carter let Solomon fire him and had Vice President Mondale find another job for him with Robert Strauss, the foreign trade negotiator, inflation fighter and general high-level handyman. That's only Griffin's story, of course, but it's interesting that it has been so little noted and reported.

John Osborne

A town where the unions can't be busted.

New York Without News

The Bergen County *Record*, a fair-sized New Jersey daily, hasn't done much to take advantage of the New York newspaper strike, even though its proximity to the city could bring it more readers and revenue if it wanted. The paper's executives reason that the cost of newsprint and production of more newspapers outweighs the return from newsstand sales that they are likely to lose when the strike ends. What makes their decision particularly interesting is that last Friday, as the strike was about to enter its second month, the *Record* published an editorial supporting the demands of the striking New York pressmen. This raised eyebrows among *Record* readers, who have come to expect pro-

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management editorials from their paper in most local labor disputes, and among those who thought the paper had quietly agreed with the New York publishers not to take advantage of the strike.

What could their motivation have been? Perhaps the editorial reflected a careful examination of the pressmen's demands versus the publishers' position, because such scrutiny would reveal that the pressmen are justified in being angry. The *Record* accurately perceived that the blame for this strike lies with the publishers and their intransigent position, and not with the union.

Of course, any newspaper executive could learn this simply by taking a brief stroll to the oppressive environment in which the pressmen work. The workers wear masks to protect them from chemicals and dust that coat the air. Grime also coats their skin by the end of the day, and the constant loud noise impairs their hearing. The grime must be removed through an arduous and uncomfortable process; but after a lifetime, it seems a matter of course. Nowadays, thanks to previous strike settlements, fewer workers run the presses, meaning longer periods of apprenticeship waiting for positions to open up. Some people wait as long as 20 years; most now fear being permanently laid off, before they ever even become full-fledged journeymen.

To the publishers, these conditions are not even related to the issue. And perhaps, in a strict sense, they are right. The strike resulted from management's decision to impose new work rules that would end up removing almost half the total pressroom force from their jobs. Money was not the primary factor in this arbitrary decision: it was the only factor. Recent moves to automate the newspaper industry, through computer terminals right in the newsroom setting news copy into its final form, have cut down on jobs, but the newspaper is still printed from plates. The plates just weigh a little less, and the pressroom functions move faster.

Salaries are higher in New York City than in other major cities and at competing suburban dailies such as Long Island's *Newsday*. The *Daily News* (owned by *The Chicago Tribune*) and the *Times* continue to make profits, while the *Post* continues to lose money. But expenses, particularly from the costs of newsprint, have skyrocketed, and the papers are struggling to maintain a secure financial position. The publishers believe that by cutting the numbers of pressmen, and by forcing those still employed to work harder, costs will be reduced, and they are right.

But are they justified? Presumably, the publishers feel that their position is generous when compared with that of their national competitor *The Washington Post*. When the pressmen there went on strike in the fall of 1975, destroying pressroom machinery as they walked out, Katherine Graham and her management team devised a strategy that would and did destroy the union itself. They were aided by members of another union—the local Newspaper Guild, which represents reporters. Using the pressroom violence as an excuse, the local guild unit voted not to support the pressmen's strike. Management hired scabs to run the pressroom, reporters crossed the picket line and before long the union had lost the strike and its life.

What makes this strike different is that the unions in New York have presented the publishers with a strong, united opposition. Reporters from the *Post* are themselves on strike, and journalists at the *Daily News* and the *Times* are writing for other publications or just waiting. Both papers have the capacity to publish, but so long as the deliverers—who drive the newspapers in trucks to city newsstands and distributors—can withstand the strike's toll on their funds, no newspaper can possibly come out.

Other factors have made this strike not only different, but also a potential watershed for New York unions. There are reliable suspicions that Rupert Murdoch, who publishes the *Post*, may use the strike as an excuse to fold the paper and begin publishing a new, non-union paper. So far the strike hasn't hurt Murdoch too much: the *Post* had been losing money anyway, and two other publications he owns—*New York* magazine and *The Village Voice*—have been making munificent profits from increased advertising and circulation revenues. Murdoch was also rumored to have purchased an interest in one of the three makeshift tabloids spawned by the strike, the *New York Daily Metro*.

The *Metro*, published by Frederick Iseman, is probably the best of the three papers. Its staff includes many of the stars of *The New York Times*, and its layout is not quite so offensive as that of its competitors, the *New York Daily Press* and *City News*. Iseman, 25 years old, is often referred to in news accounts as a *New York Times* reporter, but as the strike began he was a summer fill-in assistant on the Op-Ed page. Most of his 60-person staff walked out from under him the other day when it was learned (or at least suspected) that Iseman had quietly contracted with Murdoch to turn the paper over to him once the strike was over. The walkout ended when Iseman assured his staff it wasn't so. That still doesn't mean Murdoch won't eventually make an offer for the paper; he's already admitted buying 150,000 copies of the *Metro* a day to distribute to subscribers in Queens, a New York borough where the city newspapers compete for subscribers with Long Island's *Newsday*. *The Village Voice*, Murdoch's weekly, which has been covering the strike better than anyone else, pointed out that *New York Times* subscribers were getting copies of *City News* as a substitute through their *Times* distributors, presumably with the *Times'* blessing and assistance.

But even if all this is being done to protect the newspapers' position, it won't work. There's not enough money in the strike papers to make up for lost

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revenues, particularly during the ad-heavy fall months, and the deliverers are content to drive the interim papers and to continue supporting the strike.

The negotiations have been stalled for weeks, and there's been no sign of progress. Last week veteran mediator Theodore Kheel agreed to serve as a consultant to the unions, which are represented at the bargaining table by the Allied Printing Trades Council. This move may help to produce a settlement, since Kheel—who negotiated a contract during the last New York newspaper strike in 1962—plans to be heavily involved in the negotiating process. The strike's big story has been about coping. The city has been getting a large dose of out-of-town newspapers like *The Washington Post* and *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. *Newsday* is likely to make circulation inroads throughout the New York City area. No one knows whether they'll be able to keep those readers as regular subscribers once the strike ends, but for now *Newsday* offers New Yorkers the best alternative to no news at all. It also poses the greatest potential threat to the circulation gains recently posted by the three dailies.

Advertisers have been coping better than anyone. After a brief flurry of leaflets and panic, the big department stores realized that they were actually gaining business by not advertising: people would go hunting for sales if they couldn't read about them. The theaters say they're hurting; a Broadway show—"Players," starring Fred Gwynne—opened September 6 and closed September 17. The producers blame the strike for its abbreviated run. Some shows have postponed their opening nights indefinitely. Those hardest hit have been real estate people, who normally use the classified sections of newspapers to advertise.

The pressmen still maintain picket lines around all three newspapers, and last week neither side had yet made a bargaining move. The strike, now five weeks old, may be the longest ever. It may also be the most important. The publishers made clear, by posting the new work rules and precipitating an immediate walkout, that they mean to get what they want. If they do, the city's newspaper unions would be considerably weakened and the remaining pressmen considerably overworked. This imbalance and inequity, noted by the Bergen County *Record*, is what makes the New York newspaper strike a battle the unions must win.

David Blum

The next regime—or the one after next—is bound to be worse.

Trouble for the Shah

by Walter Laqueur

While all attention was focused on Camp David, the real action in the Middle East has shifted to what was once known as the "Northern Tier." This has been clear for half a year but anyone intimating in Washington that the Arab-Israeli conflict was not the only cause for concern in the Middle East, and that, in fact, some of the other danger zones were likely to blow up well before, was met with, at best, polite disbelief. Official Washington had decided that the Arab-Israeli conflict was the gravest danger to world peace and it would not be moved from its position. Events in Afghanistan and South Yemen were either ignored or regarded as of little consequence. The fact that Turkey, once a pillar of strength and stability, has been the scene of more terrorist activity than any other country in the world (350 victims this year so far) has been barely reported and was considered, in any case, a purely domestic matter. After the coup in Afghanistan it was almost a forgone conclusion that Iran would be next. The country has been shaken by convulsions of increasing intensity and frequency since last January. But the full significance of events in Tehran and other Iranian cities has been realized only in recent days.

Obviously the background of the recent turmoil in Iran is complicated: revolutions are seldom clear cut and straightforward. During the last decade Iran has achieved considerable economic progress, but this progress has involved hardship and dislocation. Average per capita income is said to be $2400, but some people earn much more and most get much less. There has been massive corruption. All this is true, of course, about every third-world country making rapid economic strides, and also about quite a few that have

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not made any progress at all. But nowhere were expectations as high as in Iran. The Shah himself had predicted that within 10 or 20 years his country would be in the vanguard of the industrialized nations. (Poor Japan, he said in one interview, there was no future for it, since it had to import all raw materials.) During the last two years it has dawned on most Iranians that these predictions cannot possibly be realized. A standard of living like that of the advanced industrialized nations requires preconditions that do not exist at present in Iran.

Unfulfilled expectations are traditionally the fuel of revolutionary movements. In Iran this fuel propelled not so much the majority of workers and peasants as the many people who have flocked to the towns—the slum-dwellers who now swell the population of Tehran and the other big cities. It also has affected large sections of the middle class, including much of the intelligentsia, which regards the Shah's rule with all its pomp and circumstance as an anachronism. The effects of economic trends in Iran provide one of the keys to the present ferment, but probably not the most important one. The opposition to the Shah is a mixed lot. It consists of left-wing students and great landowners who lost part of their property under the agrarian reform; of radical Muslim preachers opposing the emancipation of women and other abominations and old aristocratic families which never really accepted the Pahlevi dynasty established by the father of the present Shah. It derives its strength from the traditional dissatisfaction among ethnic minorities in Iran. The rumors about financial support for the opposition by foreign powers are probably not unfounded either. Of all these groups the role of the *ayatollahs*, the Muslim preachers and teachers, is the most important by far; more will have to be said on the subject later on.

The opposition has been helped by the mistakes of the Shah. His rule is frequently branded "fascist" by his opponents in the West, but since fascist rulers have never been threatened by street demonstrations, epithets of this kind should not be taken too seriously. His rule has been autocratic, even despotic; above all it has been an unfortunate illustration of the arrogance of power. Gradually he seems to have lost touch with events in Iran. It has been said that whereas no one dared to lie to his father, no one dares to tell the truth to the present Shah. It may be true that he genuinely tried to stamp out corruption. But it is equally true that the moment such investigations touched men and women in high places they were discontinued. This was why Mahdavi, minister of commerce, had to go. The Shah's assumption that Iran is not ready for parliamentary democracy is undisputable. Whatever the bones of contention between the Shah and the extreme left, the absence of democracy is not one of them. But in a country like Iran there are ways to give the people gradual representation in the political process. The establishment of *Rastakhiz*, the only political party in the country, with five million official members, was hardly a step in the right direction. The art of mobilizing the masses has been perfected in modern dictatorships as well as in democracies. Old fashioned approaches such as those tried by the Shah's men are no longer effective.

The economic position of the Iranian middle class has immensely improved in recent years, and it has grown in size as well. But its impact on politics has been small and this has caused much resentment.

The Shah did not take sufficient account of the sensibilities of the *ayatollahs*, the Muslim extremists. Kemal Ataturk could afford such political behavior—and even some of his reforms have not survived; the Shah, in a much weaker position, could not follow his example. The *ayatollahs* are a backward, reactionary element, but they are part of the Iranian political scene and cannot be ignored. Instead of enlisting the support of the more enlightened among them, successive Iranian governments paid little attention to them, underrating the risk of a confrontation.

The leader of the most extreme wing of the Muslim preachers is Ayatollah Khomeini, a man in his seventies who was exiled to Iraq in 1963 because of his hostility to the regime. For many years he has been calling for the overthrow of the Pahlevi dynasty. The chain of events which led to the recent upheaval in Iran was triggered off by riots in Qum, when news was received that Khomeini's son had died in mysterious circumstances in Iraq. (Qum is an important religious center south of Tehran, the location of the shrine of Fatimah the Innocent). In an interview earlier this year Khomeini clarified some of the main demands of his movement. He bitterly criticized the land reform and the activities of foreigners in Iran. He claimed that the Shah had ruined the economy of the country (in particular Iran's agriculture). He rejected the assertion that the *ayatollahs* were obscurantists. In the same breath he denounced the emancipation of women who, he claimed, had been "pushed by the Shah into immorality." Khomeini announced that the ideal was the creation of an Islamic religious state. He proposed that the Muslims of the whole world should join together to fight their enemies, including Israel. Nor was he complimentary with regard to the Marxists, who, he said, "will always stab us in the back." He claimed that he had given specific instructions to his followers not to collaborate with Marxists, not even in order to overthrow the Shah.

The Iranian left has never quite recovered from the disaster of 1953 when Mossadeq's National Front was overthrown. The Tudeh party became active again in the 1960s but the "Revolutionary Organization" it sponsored was infiltrated by SAVAK, the Iranian political police. The Revolutionary Organization subsequently split, with the main group veering toward Maoism. A new impetus came in the late 1960s from

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activist student groups. From the merger of two such groups headed by Ahmadzadeh and Farahani, OIPFG was born: the Organization of the Iranian Peoples Fedayee Guerrillas. Some members, including Farahani, received their training in the camps of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, located at that time in Jordan. But doctrinally they were not much influenced by the Palestinians. They drew most of their inspiration from Guevara and Debray, especially Debray's thesis (later repudiated by him) that the new Communist party of a country should be formed in the battles of the armed struggle—or, in other words, that fighting could start even before the party exists. In February 1971 OIPFG opened the armed struggle with an attack against a police station in Siahkal, in Gilan district. This was going to be the great overture, the 26th of July of the Iranian revolution. But the attack was not a success. Ahmadzadeh and Farahani were both apprehended and executed. Meanwhile, quite independently, yet another militant group had come into being: the Organization of the Mojaheddin of Iran (OMPI). It got its main support from among young religious students who tried to combine Marxism and the 'progressive elements' in Islam. This group underwent gradual de-Islamization and in 1975 it declared that it now subscribed to historical materialism.

Terrorist activities continued inside Iran but they hardly constituted a threat to the Shah's regime. The influence of the Iranian left has been much greater in Western Europe and the United States than inside Iran. (The number of Iranian students living abroad is believed to be close to 100,000, one fifth of them in the United States.) Aware of its weakness inside the country, the Iranian left—divided into various Maoist, Trotskyite, Stalinist and New Left factions but united in its hatred of the Shah—has expressed strong support for the popular movement sponsored by the *ayatollahs*. The seemingly inexplicable cooperation between extreme left and right is a puzzle only as long as one accepts the slogans of the two sides at face value. The "right" is neither as reactionary nor the "left" as progressive as is commonly believed. They share a great many political attitudes even if they disagree on others. The movement headed by the *ayatollahs* has, after all, a mass base and most of its followers are poor.

Seen in this light both the left and the right opposition are populist and, as the usual corollary, xenophobic, resenting the presence of so many foreigners. The minorities have suffered quite heavily in the recent riots in Iran, especially Bahais and Jews. RIPEH, a left-wing Iranian publication in the United States, notes in its last issue that in Tabriz the "brave patriots attacked and smashed all reactionary and imperialist institutions . . . four out of nine movie houses which are the important centers for the dissemination of decadent imperialist culture were burnt out of existence." The report then continues: "They also attacked the Pepsi-Cola factory, the symbol of capitalist exploitation and the explicit manifestation of Zionism." This is startling news, for would Mr. Brezhnev have welcomed Pepsi's chief executive so cordially if Pepsi-Cola were indeed a Zionist enterprise? (Pepsi-Cola, by the way, is neither produced nor sold in Israel.) But further investigation shows that the Pepsi-Cola concession in Iran is indeed in the hands of a Bahai family, the Pasals, and it is also quite likely that if one applied the Nuremberg race laws, it might appear that the Pasals are of Jewish origin.

These publications in Western languages are more restrained in their attacks against Jews and other minorities than extremist publications inside Iran. A recent leaflet by the "National Front of the Moslem Youth in Iran" told the Jews of Iran that they were all bloodsuckers, thieves and criminals; that their golden dreams had come to an end; that, unless they left as quickly as possible, all of them would be killed.

Well wishers of these groups in the West usually explain that leaflets and actions on such lines are the work of small, unrepresentative groups, hotheads or perhaps even *agents provocateurs*. But these are not the only difficulties the well wishers have with their allies inside Iran. It is one thing to maintain that the movement led by the *ayatollahs* is "objectively progressive" even though its manifestations may be, on occasion, "superficially reactionary." It is relatively easy to replace the red flags with green ones. It is more difficult to tell the female comrades that they should no longer be politically active because the *ayatollahs* have not yet shed certain regrettable, outmoded notions about the emancipation of women.

The government of the Shah is guilty of a great many sins of omission and of commission. Despite the wild exaggerations and the hysterical high pitch of the Iranian opposition, many of the charges made against the present regime contain a grain of truth, and even more have been true in the past, including the torturing of prisoners. But if the Shah's regime should fall, it will not be because it was so repressive but because it tried to liberalize itself and was not repressive enough. This is the saddest aspect of developments in Iran. All that is said in criticism of Iran is true to an even greater degree about Iran's neighbor, Iraq. Even more left-wingers have been executed in Iraq in recent years than in Iran. But there have been no angry student demonstrations in Western capitals (or inside Iraq) against the Baghdad government. The mullahs have not dared to speak out, Western newspapers have not published indignant editorials nor have human rights committees shown any interest. The obvious explanation is, of course, that "world public opinion" is not a court of law and that it is easily manipulated. All this bears out Tocqueville's old dictum: only those trying to reform themselves are in danger. The Iraqi regime seems safe because it has ruthlessly exterminated the opposition. The

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demonstrations in Iran on the other hand started about a year ago, precisely when the laws of public assembly in Iran were liberalized.

Iran is now too much advanced to be ruled by the *ayatollahs*, or to be taken over, like Afghanistan, by an openly pro-Soviet clique. The left-wing opposition claims "freedom for the masses," but no gifts of prophecy are needed to understand that the next Iranian government—or at the very least the one after next—will rule the country more harshly than the Shah did. If the present government were overthrown the extreme left would have to submit to the demands of the *ayatollahs*. But the power of the *ayatollahs*, considerable as it is, is purely negative. They may be able to bring down a government, but they cannot run the country.

Thus, chances are that after an interregnum, a military leader will emerge who, under the cover of populist slogans, will follow a policy not perhaps that different from the present one. He would still be an Iran-firster, not a Soviet satellite. He would try to strengthen Iran's power. He certainly would not give away the oil royalties. And he would still have to sell the oil. The main danger facing Iran is not the emergence of a regime radically different in orientation but a prolonged period of chaos. This, in view of Iran's importance as a major oil producer, would affect not only the industrialized countries of the West but also the oil importing nations of the third world. And it could have serious political and military repercussions from the Near East to India and the Horn of Africa. Unlike most Asian and African countries, Iran has been independent for much of its history. There have been violent periods, but there also has been national cohesion and a tradition of statesmanship not frequently found in younger nations. Paradoxically, one has to fear the effects of a crisis more for Iran's shaky neighbors than for Iran itself.

Passports and expulsions are the hard currency of detente.

The New Exiles

by Charles Fenyvesi

Eastern Europeans continue to escape to the West as if the cold war were still going on. A Czech crashed through the West German border in a homemade tank in 1977; a Soviet pilot flew his MIG to Japan in 1976; an East German youth and his girl friend hijacked a Polish airliner earlier this month. More than 20 East bloc diplomats defected in the past five years. In a single week this January, 35 Bulgarians chose to stay in West Germany where they visited as beneficiaries of a surprise decision in Sofia to issue a few hundred tourist passports. Coming from liberalized Hungary, as many as 5000 tourists a year throw away their return tickets on trips to the West that are arranged by the government travel bureau, which must be either trusting or calculating.

The suspicion of calculation arises because in the 1970s most often the Communist governments themselves decide who becomes an emigre. Passports for tourists and emigrants, expulsion decrees and revocations of citizenship have become a hard currency of detente. Each East European regime has its own bourse, responding to Western demand for democratization—by now accepted as part of the price to be paid for credits and technology—and also checking domestic dissent.

During the quarter century of the cold war, 3.4 million Eastern Europeans braved minefields and police dogs trained to go for the throat. A minority came from the elite—officials, athletes, ballet dancers—who refused to return after the privilege of a visit to the West. Once granted asylum, an East European was automatically labeled anti-communist. He could not hope to visit his native land unless it was liberated—a term that needs to be footnoted in the 1970s.

These days an emigre fresh out of Eastern Europe is not necessarily an anti-communist, and is not as likely to burn his bridges behind him. The new-model emigres include Marxists who accept "the socialist transformation of society"—the collective ownership of the means of production—but oppose the current totalitarian practice. Many in this new generation of

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Of course, not all cars are stolen for profit. At least one-third are stolen for "fun." And, while cars stolen for "joyrides" are often recovered, they're rarely recovered in one piece.

Can anything be done to stop auto theft? A number of things:

Lock your car. Some 40% of stolen cars are driven away with the keys owners left in them.[3] In Boston, where 1 in every 35 cars was stolen in 1975, a "Lock-your-car" campaign, run by the National Auto Theft Bureau and supported by many institutions including Ætna helped *cut theft 48% in a two-year period.*

Install anti-theft devices such as locking systems, out-off switches and security alarms. While less effective against the professional thief, they are a known deterrent to the amateur.

New laws can help. Ætna supports, for example, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's recommendations to make anti-theft devices standard equipment.[4]

We also back the recommendations of a New York legislative committee for identification numbers on car parts most often stripped, licensing of businesses that sell or scrap cars and accurate records kept of all transactions. We urge other states to consider these ideas.

Auto theft can be cut. Auto insurance costs can be controlled. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

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1 While private passenger car registration increased 180% between 1949 and 1974, *thefts increased a whopping 493%.*

2 There may be worse to come: Auto theft rings have expanded their operations to offer auto parts—some 20% of cars they steal now wind up in the "cutting factory."

3 According to a 1978 report from the New York State Senate Committee on Transportation, 20% of stolen cars have the keys left in the ignition while another 20% have keys "hidden" by the owner on the visor or other places.

4 Until anti-theft devices become standard equipment, we urge you to have them installed before other optional equipment that makes cars more attractive to the thief.

For a better understanding of the problem of auto insurance costs and what you can do about them, write Influence, Department N, Ætna Life & Casualty, 151 Farmington Avenue, Hartford, CT 06156.

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exiles hope to be called home one day. Or at least they maintain the option of returning once Moscow permits further destalinization.

The shipping out of undesirable elements became official policy in the Soviet Union with the decision to issue exit permits to Jews who consider Israel their homeland. Although the end of the cold war usually is dated to the withdrawal of US combat forces from Vietnam in 1972 or to Leonid Brezhnev's journey to Washington in 1973, an equally valid milestone is 1971, when the Kremlin let 13,000 Jews go to Israel and thus opened the gates. Close to 160,000 have left under the Jewish quota since 1971, including more than 10,000 non-Jews.

United States opinion has come to regard the number of exit permits as the benchmark of liberalization. Emigration is perceived as the key human right—more important than civil rights for those who stay. In the US Congress, the consensus is that pressing other human rights issues jeopardizes the achievement of wresting exit permits.

Others besides Jews in the Soviet Union and Romania—ethnic Germans, Armenians, Greeks—have benefited from the program, designated as serving the purpose of family reunification. The East European total since 1971 is more than 300,000 emigration passports.

A landmark case last year was Zdenek Mlynar's. Once a member of Czechoslovakia's Politburo who drafted Alexander Dubcek's reform manifesto in 1968, Mlynar is the highest ranking Communist since Leon Trotsky to settle in the West. Mlynar had signed Charter 77, a document calling on Prague to comply with the human rights provisions of the 1975 Helsinki accord. Eight hundred people who signed the Charter lost their jobs; dozens were jailed. Mlynar was among the ten who decided to accept "the option of emigration." His erstwhile comrades allowed him to take all his personal possessions—but have not kept their promise to permit his wife, the philosopher Irena Dubska, to follow him.

East Germany's poet-singer Wolf Bierman was tricked into exile last fall. His citizenship was revoked during the first tour of West Germany he was permitted in 10 years. The charge was "slandering the state." One hundred writers and artists, including prominent party members, demanded that Bierman, a life-long Communist, be allowed to return. The secret police offered the option of emigration to all the protesters, and two dozen of them took it—the cream of East Germany's intelligentsia. This in turn encouraged many thousands to apply for emigration. But the authorities made it clear that exit permits were available only to heretic intellectuals, not to ordinary people.

Forcible exile has become the fate of six Romanian intellectuals who last year signed a letter, addressed to President Nicolae Ceausescu, which asked for civil rights cited in the constitution. The author of the letter, novelist Paul Goma, was jailed, following his refusal to leave the country. After a few months, he was released and again offered emigration. Eventually, he left last fall for Paris, in the hope that he would return home before the expiration of his tourist passport valid for one year. Earlier this year, he learned that he will not be allowed to return. Goma's letter was endorsed by 200 other Romanians, including a few who reckoned that this would be a way to obtain an exit permit.

Resistance to being exiled is another mutant behavior pattern peculiar to the age of detente. Alexander Solzhenitsyn held out for more than a year before the authorities deported him to Switzerland in 1974. His friend, Mstislav Rostropovich, agreed to leave Russia to work in the United States for an undetermined period of time. Earlier this year, his citizenship was revoked; his protests have fallen on deaf ears. A murkier but equally typical case is Frantisek Janouch, 46, a Czech nuclear scientist and second-generation Communist. In 1971, Janouch received permission to teach in Sweden for one year. Shortly after his arrival, he was informed that he had been stripped of his citizenship and that his belongings in Prague had been confiscated. He appealed, thinking it was a bureaucratic mistake since he had not been involved in politics. He has received no response, but has not given up the struggle.

Over the past few years, dozens of Czech intellectuals with pro-Dubcek sentiments have received passports valid up to two years. The idea comes from the police. The officer in charge makes sure that the applicant understands that the permission to return home depends on "good behavior." If the applicant has the temerity to ask what that means, the officer responds: "You know very well what we mean."

According to Czech law adopted last year, a Czechoslovak citizen may receive permission for residence abroad provided that he will take an oath that he will not harm the interests of Czechoslovakia or other people's democracies. But the law declares that the state will revoke citizenship if a person "has been engaged in hostile activities harmful to the interests of the Socialist Republic of Czechoslovakia or its allies." Such a person can never return, nor will a relative from Czechoslovakia ever be allowed to visit him.

In Poland, philosopher Adam Michnik received a passport in 1976. He lectured in Paris and gave interviews to newspapers. Everywhere, he criticized Warsaw. The word was passed to him that he would not be welcome home. Representations to the Polish government by leading French intellectuals, including Communists, ensured his return last year.

The older generation of refugees is puzzled by today's dissidents. "I am skeptical of these so-called oppositionists," says Rose Nowotarska, a writer who came from Poland to the United States in 1946. "I

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disagree with those who say they are tools of the regime. But, in a way, their dissidence has official sanction. The government is clever when it lets Poles gripe as much as they like. If they talk, there is no action.

"The dissenters' spirit is not strong enough. They are part of the communist system and live by its rules. What kind of revolutionary underground are they if they can phone London and give their criticism? The worst that can happen is that if the regime loses patience, they will get thrown out of the country."

In Poland, police harassment is haphazard; threats are muted. Under Edward Gierek, there has been no known expulsion. People supporting striking workers or taking part in other dissident activity are released after 48-hour detentions. "We want no martyrs," officials declare. One dissident may receive a passport within a week; another may have to wait a year for a response, often negative.

In Hungary, the suggestion "to go abroad for a while" is usually made politely, sometimes over espresso or brandy. Those selected number less than a hundred: writers the regime finds too candid, sociologists critical of unfair social policies, Jews with Zionist sentiments and so-called New Leftists.

Since the early 1970s, the Hungarian government has pioneered a novel technique: emigres living in the West are encouraged to serve the "national objectives" of the regime—such as increase in tourism and cultural exports, as well as improvement of economic and political contacts under the aegis of a most-favored-nation status.

Hungary is experimenting with a passport valid up to five years, given primarily to intellectuals the regime wishes to take out of circulation. About half a dozen recipients thus far came from the list of 36 Hungarians who signed Charter 77. They are nonconformists—dissident is too sharp a term in permissive Hungary—whose apartments are often searched when they are away. Their manuscripts have disappeared in mysterious ways.

Marxist philosophers Agnes Heller, her husband Ferenc Feher, and Gyorgy Markus have received five-year passports. They are disciples of the late Gyorgy Lukacs, Minister of Culture in the revolutionary government of 1956. For years, they have not been able to publish in Hungary. After Heller was jailed in 1973 following publication of her book in Italy—a study of the theory of needs in Marx—a compromise was negotiated: Heller and her friends will be free to publish abroad as long as they write nothing about Hungary. A dialogue between these Marxists and the government broke down last year. They were told to take a long vacation in the West and reflect.

The philosophers now have ample time to decide whether to join the hundreds of thousands of ex-Hungarians in the West, or to return to the caprices of censorship and the warmth of provincialism offered by the country where they were born.

For East European intellectuals, the decision whether to return or not to return is an agonizing one. "An intellectual in exile, particularly a writer, is a long-distance runner who had one leg amputated but who is expected to run as well as before amputation," says Arnost Lustig, a Czechoslovak refugee of 1968 vintage, who has had four novels published in the United States and teaches at The American University.

Having spent most of one's life in a Communist state leaves its mark. Even the best informed East European suffers from not knowing enough about the world beyond the Communist bloc, and a good many of them cannot get rid of the Marxism-Leninism spoon-fed for three decades in the people's democracies and twice that long in the Soviet Union. They tend to see the world in red and white, and they view the West as much too soft—and as being ill-prepared for the imminent Armageddon.

"You need an enema," one exasperated American editor told a talented writer, a recent arrival from Hungary. "There ought to be a way to liberate you from all that dogmatism in your system."

"Only a person who has been in the party knows how rotten the regime is," replied the Hungarian, a party member most of his adult life, from 1951 to 1971. "Only a Communist can measure accurately the chasm between the promise of theory and the tragedy of practice."

For the first time since the Communist takeovers in Eastern Europe, Western Europe harbors a few hundred leftist exiles—a small but influential group. Many of them are Czechs, refugees after the 1968 invasion; others are newcomers from the Soviet Union. Last year's unrest has added East Germans who declare themselves in exile in capitalist West Germany.

"These people are confused," argues Karl Reyman, a writer who left Czechoslovakia in 1948, now settled in the United States. "They are the pampered children of the Communist regime. They are like our teenagers who ask the question 'Who am I?' and blame their parents. They are suspended between East and West, and cannot make up their minds whether they should return home. They don't want to realize that the decision was made for them by the regime."

"The term communist has been discredited. It's better to call ourselves socialist, which means believing in collective ownership," says Jiri Pelikan, 53, an emigre from Czechoslovakia who now lives in Rome. Pelikan was head of the Communist-led World Organization of Democratic Youth in the 1950s and a close adviser to Dubcek in 1968. Pelikan believes that Dubcek will be called back to head the Czechoslovak party. If that happens, Pelikan and his friends may return home. He says that Dubcek himself believes in such a possibility—that this is the reason behind Dubcek's refusal to condemn the current regime or the Russians.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

No Engagement

Now Robert Altman has found a new way to insult his profession. New for him, anyway. Fresh from his assault on symbolism in *3 Women*, he turns to trample on naturalism. Many of his previous films have had naturalistic elements, but even in *Nashville*, which is closest to this new one, there were symbolic doodads (the motorcyclist), and the purpose was the tapestry of the "whole" American soul rather than sweaty verism in the many strands. With *A Wedding* (20th Century-Fox) Altman reverses the emphasis: though it again interweaves a lot of stories—this time within a single setting—the purpose is the supposedly merciless truth of each strand. But Altman's candor is only slick up-to-date show biz.

Naturalism has had a rebirth in the last 15 years or so, to different and subtle uses. We all remember that it flowered a century ago as the manifestation in art of scientism, of the effects of Darwin and Marx and mechanistic philosophy. It wanted to show life at the mercy of exterior and interior forces, to tell the truth about the poor among us and the primitive within us. Other styles soon superseded it, but that original conception has never entirely disappeared, least of all from film—for instance, postwar neorealism. Recently, however, naturalism has taken a new turn, particularly in the theater, with such plays as *The Contractor* and *The Changing Room* by David Storey, the early plays of Edward Bond, the plays of Wolfgang Bauer and Franz Xaver Kroetz. (A Kroetz play was made into a powerful film by R.W. Fassbinder called *Jail Bait*—*TNR*, June 4, '77.) These writers know that the scientific/sociological intent of naturalism can no longer apply, the revelations having long ago been revealed; so this latter-day naturalism is being used for intrinsically esthetic ends, as one more mode of artistic discourse, horribly as that thought might have made Zola or Gorky shudder.

And Altman? Which is his naturalism? He doesn't have a clue about the subtleties of No. 2. But he does know that under the license of honesty, there are still some thrills to be mined in No. 1, for those who still think that the skull beneath the skin equals art. So he proceeds to tell us with relish that things are not what they seem: professed morality often covers corruption, social rituals are often ridiculous and fake, and other such startling news. *A Wedding* is John O'Hara revisited—pointlessly because, for one reason, John O'Hara did it. Altman must know that all of us have had (let's call it) the O'Hara experience, but he's still hoping to do business with a nice line of oh-so-ruthless sordidness. And since naturalism had and has its honorable place, Altman insults the real thing.

A Wedding was shot at a mansion on Lake Michigan. The daughter of rich rednecks from Louisville is marrying the son of an Italian father and a Wasp mother. The reception is at the Wasp mansion. There are three social strands, redneck, Italian, and Wasp; there are relatives of the two families and assorted previous bedmates of the bride and groom. A camera crew has been hired to record the event. A social director has been engaged as court chamberlain. The reception is policed by plainclothes guards, male and female.

Here are some of the principal events. Only one of the many invited guests shows up: the others boycott the reception because—I think, I'm not sure—the groom's aunt, who lives there, is having an affair with the black butler. (A touch of Lillian Hellman's *Toys in the Attic*.) The antique Wasp matriarch (Lillian Gish) dies just before the wedding party returns from the church; this news is suppressed, but it leaks slowly throughout the picture. In one sequence the equally ancient bishop (John Cromwell) who performed the ceremony climbs to her top-floor bedroom and has a conversation with her, not perceiving that she's dead. (Something like John Gielgud's scene as the nearsighted doctor in *Joseph Andrews*.) The bride's mother (Carol Burnett) is suddenly and fiercely wooed by the groom's uncle (Pat McCormick) and almost succumbs. The groom's mother (Nina van Pallandt) shoots heroin in the bathroom. The bride's sister (Mia Farrow) is discovered to be four months pregnant; the groom, who has slept with her, is indicted, then it's learned that the sister has slept with almost every boy at the groom's military academy so blame is hard to fix. The groom's Italian uncle arrives unexpectedly and soon joins the list of the sister's lovers. The social director (Geraldine Chaplin) makes a homosexual pass at the bride; to keep things symmetrical, an instructor from the academy makes a (more successful) homosexual pass at the groom. Samples of dialogue: after struggling through the ceremony, the old bishop mutters, "Jesus Christ!" The host brags, "They say that a man's home is his castle." And, to put it succinctly, there's more.

None of the above proves that the script is bad. These could conceivably be

Films Worth Seeing

Girlfriends. Claudia Weill's small-scale, large-hearted, truth-searching story of a young New York woman. Makes *An Unmarried Woman* look like the plastic it always was.

Go Tell the Spartans. Not just another war movie, though it has traces of such. Some grip on the complexities and futilities in Vietnam, 1964.

Heaven Can Wait. Warren Beatty remakes *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, aided by Buck Henry and Elaine May. The 1941 supernatural comedy-romance comes through fairly cozily.

Women. The script of this Hungarian film unravels toward the end, but its story of two wives is perceptive and beautifully done.

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details of a good film. But *A Wedding* can't redeem the banal, as does Claudia Weill's *Girlfriends*, because banality is all there is to it—it has nothing in mind other than its surfaces. And this thinness is underscored by Altman's method: his idea of investigating people's characters is to mock them. After some scenes in which we see the bride looking solemn, she smiles—and she's wearing braces. The senile bishop agonizes through his lines during the ceremony. Burnett's lover-to-be is fat, so he looks silly and makes her look silly when he clutches her passionately. None of this can be called satire because there is no base for it in the film: there's no more genuine satire in the film than there is genuine anger or compassion. All the grittiness and grotesquerie add up to sophomoric entertainment-through-embarrassment. Turn after turn after turn, Altman stands invisibly at the side of the screen, smirking. Abetted by his script collaborators John Considine, Patricia Resnick, and Allan Nichols, he is merely getting, and trying to give, jollies through glib little brutalities.

Some of the casting is good. Considine, as actor, is once again funny in his handsome silly-serious abrupt way as the security chief. Van Pallandt and Dina Merrill aren't actresses, but at least they authenticate the "quality" of the Wasp family. Burnett is good once more as the middle-aged frustrate she has done dozens of times on TV. Craig Richard Nelson is perfect as the overripe, overbearing former instructor of the groom. John Cromwell, the bishop, is a delight; at 91 he seems to be *acting* an old man and does it superbly. Ruth Nelson (Mrs. Cromwell) is nicely goofy as a weirdly dressed "bohemian," a relic of the Floyd Dell days in Greenwich Village.

The sound recording is—predictably in an Altman film—excellent, sharply modulated. The editing is alert: Tony Lombardo is credited, but I'm sure Altman had more than a hand in it. Charles Rosher's cinematography has the same "airy" light that David Watkin got in such a film as *Tom Jones*, and the compositions—especially two- and three-person shots—are framed with good control of the Panavision proportions. Altman again, I'm sure.

But what *about* it all? The actors, especially the best ones, are finally punished for being in this film: they pour their talents into a sieve. And since the technical expertise is consecrated to shallowness, it caricatures itself, like the expertise of a TV commercial—the better made, the more gratuitous.

Altman has become our leading silky utilizer of film styles. This time it's quick-sale ugliness. Just because he is so technically accomplished, so vacuously smooth and smart, he is depressing: he seems a kind of walking death sentence on the prospects of American film, much more menacing than clumsy or arrantly sentimental film-makers. Even though I know that this isn't really true, that my depression can't last, I hate him for it.

Books Considered

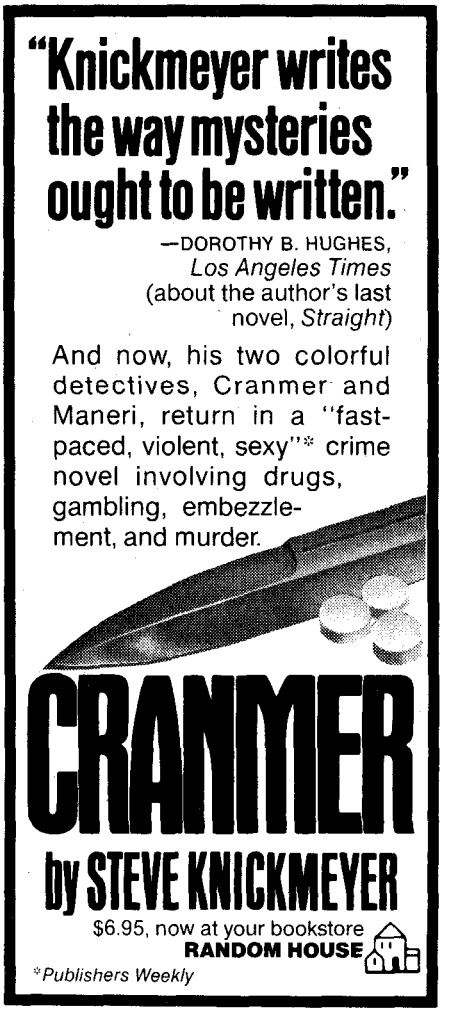
The Thirties and After: Poetry, Politics, People (1933-1970) by Stephen Spender

(Random House; $10.00)

This newest volume from Stephen Spender, an odd and fascinating mix made up for the most part of previously uncollected essays, reviews and reminiscences, along with a connecting commentary, achieves coherence through the force of its author's remarkable personality. It is best read as a kind of pendant to his classic self-portrait *World within World*, published almost 30 years ago. Since then a good deal has happened to Spender in the worlds of poetry and politics, and one might have hoped for another full-scale volume of autobiography. In lieu of that the present work will do, and as one might expect, the best writing here is that which is most immediate, most personal, most autobiographical.

There is an unnecessary but characteristic note of self-deprecation in Spender's Postscript: "I myself am, it is only too clear, an autobiographer. Autobiography provides the line of continuity in my work. I am not someone who can shed or disclaim his past." And yet he has an almost irresistible tendency to take off from his personal experience, so often touchingly and perceptively described, to discuss in abstract terms what it may mean—to impersonalize it—to expect it to bear more significance than it deserves, in some senses to make it less interesting in making it more significant. Thus a few lines farther on in the Postscript he offers this almost meaningless generalization, whose purpose would seem to be to blow himself up into a universal principle: "Politics without ideology and with a strong tendency towards autobiography equals liberalism."

It is W.H. Auden who, not surprisingly, discovers the tell-tale clue in a serio-comic, ever-so-Spenderian wartime anecdote, and it is characteristic of Spender's disarming personality that he would tell the story on himself. In 1941 he and his wife Natasha were living in Hampstead. A bomb fell on the house across the road, destroying it complete-


"Knickmeyer writes the way mysteries ought to be written."
—DOROTHY B. HUGHES, Los Angeles Times (about the author's last novel, Straight)
And now, his two colorful detectives, Cranmer and Maneri, return in a "fast-paced, violent, sexy"* crime novel involving drugs, gambling, embezzlement, and murder.
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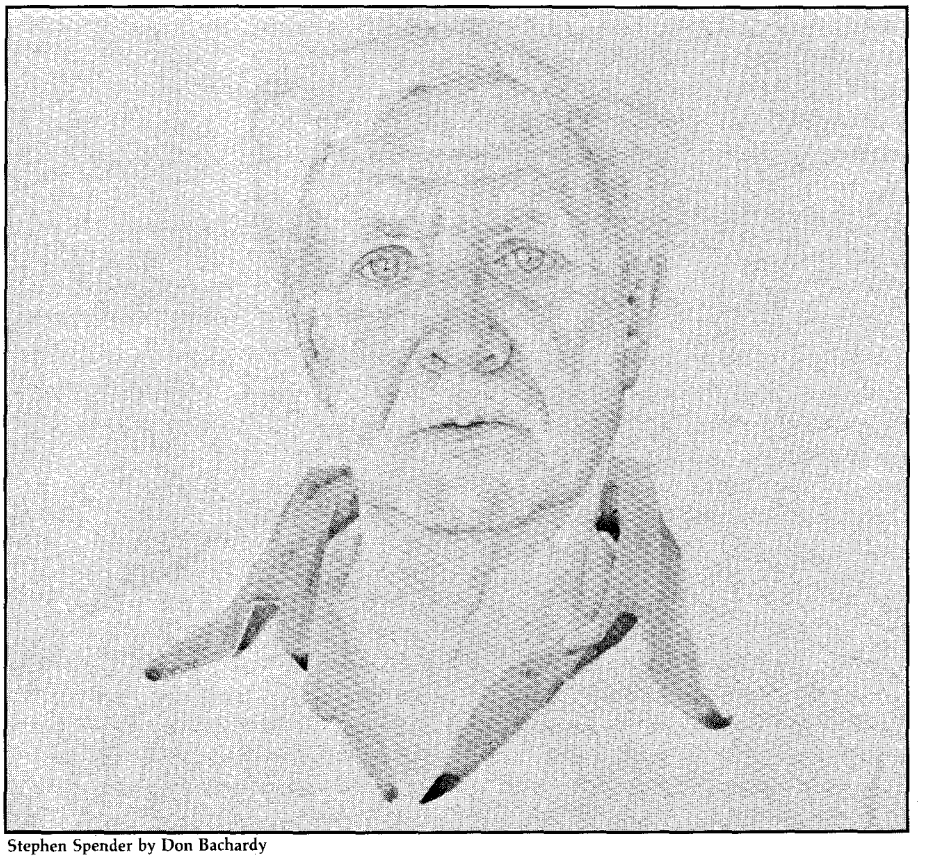
ly, but although the ceiling of the Spenders' sitting room collapsed and they were "rained on by rubble," the poet and his wife emerged unscathed. Spender comments: "Natasha, who seems without fear, was scarcely affected by this. I felt pulsingly alive and ran downstairs and out into the road and walked for miles and miles through London. The town seemed untouched, as though ours were the only bomb that had fallen then, and yet when it rushed out of the tunnel of darkness I had what I supposed to be my last thought: 'This is something I have all my life been waiting for,' and it seemed the end of the world." Then comes the telling parenthesis: "Later I told Auden this and he remarked: 'What an old solipsist you are!'" The world, whether it be that of poetry, politics, or people, is validated when seen from his own perspective, and illuminated by his response to it. Its main point would seem to be its relation to Stephen Spender, poet, political and social being. This ought to be infuriating, yet there is a candor in the writing, waffly though it may be at times, and an authenticity and intelligence that make this book not only fascinating to read but also a crucial document for the 1930s in certain of their literary and political aspects.

Where, Spender seems to be asking, does he fit in the world of literature and politics of this period? By extension he is asking the same question about the group—W.H. Auden, Cecil Day Lewis, Christopher Isherwood, Louis MacNeice—with whom he has been so closely associated. He writes about them with great freshness, and, in the final section, hauntingly, as one by one the dead are recalled: MacNeice, Cyril Connolly (each in a poem published here for the first time), and then Auden, in the talk Spender gave about him at Christ Church, Oxford, a month after his death. (It was at Christ Church, of course, that so much of the 1930s movement began, orchestrated by Auden sitting in his darkened room, assigning the parts they were to play to the participants.) In that talk, and again a few pages farther on, Spender quotes the famous lines with which Auden dedicated *The Orators* to him in 1932: "Private faces in public places/Are wiser and nicer/Than public faces in private places." One feels, perhaps unfairly, that the dedicatee may have some nagging uncertainty as to the continuing relevance of the dedication, preoccupied as he is with the public significance of his private concerns.

And yet, taken at their public-face value, the pieces of the book add up to an intriguing argument. Quite a few of its pages are devoted to a consideration of three of the masters of modernism—W.B. Yeats, D.H. Lawrence and, most particularly, T.S. Eliot. Spender acknowledges how deeply he and his friends were influenced by them, and shared with them an unshakable commitment to the importance of art and literature, even though they couldn't have been at a farther remove from their right-wing politics. The antithetical tradition—politics first, then art—he evokes in a younger, activist generation, represented by the poets John Cornford and Julian Bell, the first a Communist and the second a discontented liberal, who lost their lives on the government side during the Spanish civil war. In effect, Spender sees himself partaking—though he doesn't say this so bluntly—of the virtues of both traditions: the commitment to literature of the one, and the political commitment of the other. This may indeed be the "liberal" position or solution that Spender himself arrived at by the end of the 1930s. But how attenuated its effectiveness, how honorable, measured against the achievements of the great writers of the modern movement, or the inadvertent and inevitable nobility of Cornford and Bell, sacrificing their lives for a political cause!



Stephen Spender by Don Bachardy

The 1930s were a shaping time for Spender, casting a long shadow over all that came after, and in that sense the title of the book has a precise, ironic aptness. It would seem that the rest of his life, more even than he may realize, has been a matter of coming to terms with the 1930s, and the conflicting claims of literature and politics as he knew them in that decade of achievement, fame, and disillusion. "Spain was a death to us, Munich a mourning," Day Lewis wrote in his "Dedicatory Stanzas to Stephen Spender." After the traumas of Spain and Munich, one might have expected that Spender would follow the example of Auden, who abandoned politics (and England) at the end of the decade to devote himself single-mindedly to poetry in America, and in the future would revise or disown those poems of his—no matter how famous—that reflected a politics in which he no longer believed.

But Spender, lacking Auden's single-mindedness, attempted to reconcile the seemingly irreconcilable, and in the exhilarating, stepped-up tempo of the war years he was able to put off a recognition of the difficulties inherent in the attempt. This was a rewarding period for him when he seemed able to be everything he wanted: poet, co-editor of *Horizon*, fire-watcher, husband and father. No longer a rebel, he was at the very heart of the English culture es-

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tablishment. The latter-day Shelley had been tamed.

It was only after the war that he was forced to accept that the balance was tilting. He wanted to be an "anti-Communist liberal" but not a "cold warrior." This was a distinction that the history of his time and the particulars of his public career made it more and more difficult to recognize. He was frequently in attendance at congresses and conferences as a cultural/political spokesman from "our side" of the Iron Curtain. He became co-editor of *Encounter* with Melvin Lasky, not knowing of the CIA connection. Being useful, he was used. But one does not have to argue from a revisionist position to ask what all this ferment of political activity amounted to in any case. Where was the place, let alone the time, for art? The 1950s, as he acknowledges, were not his best decade. It is significant that his most enduring achievement from that time should have been a return to his past in *World within World.*

That masterpiece of autobiography, and the best of the poems, continue to remind us how much we owe to the private Spender. As a public figure he is no doubt the more "representative," but the glimpses of his "other self" in *The Thirties and After* make one hope again that he will yet write a sequel to his volume of autobiography. In the meantime, it is useful and gratifying to have this memorable collection.

Peter Stansky

Peter Stansky has, with William Abrahams, written about John Cornford and Julian Bell in *Journey to the Frontier: Two Roads to the Spanish Civil War.*

Notes of a Non-Conspirator
by Efim Etkind
translated by Peter France

(Oxford University Press; $10.00)

Had you asked Professor Efim Grigorevich Etkind, say, 10 years ago, if he considered himself a "dissident," he would probably have shrugged his shoulders. He belonged to no group, signed no petitions, smuggled no manuscripts abroad, took part in no demonstrations. Professor of Literature and Doctor of Philology, Etkind was for more than two decades associated with the Herzen Pedagogical Institute in Leningrad, where he lectured on poetics and the art of translation, on French and German literature. As the author of a number of scholarly works, he enjoyed a distinguished reputation both at home and abroad. In short, Etkind would seem to have been leading a quiet academic life, minding his own business and engaging in pursuits which by our standards should surely have kept him out of the murky waters of dissident politics.

But Soviet standards are not ours, and the former Efim Etkind had three strikes against him: first, he was an intellectual; second, his primary interest was *foreign* literature; and third, he is Jewish. And so Etkind, simply by virtue of these three objective criteria, could not help but come into conflict with the authorities. In 1947, as the "anti-cosmopolitan" (i.e., anti-Semitic) campaign was coming into prominence, he was castigated at an open meeting of the Department of Foreign Languages at Leningrad University for his dissertation on Zola's novels. He was guilty, said his accusers, of propounding "a revisionist approach to Marxism" and of presenting the French novelist as a precursor of Maxim Gorky. This, Etkind remarks drily, was "*lêse-majesté*: fancy suggesting that our proletarian classic Gorky could have learnt anything from the naturalist (and furthermore, *foreign*) Zola!" Two years later, at the height of the campaign, he was subjected to yet another *prorabotka* (something in the nature of a "working over," or kangaroo-court) for noting, in one of his lectures at the Institute of Foreign Languages, that a famous novel by the novelist Boris Polevoy (very much *persona grata* under Stalin as well as under his successors) was inspired by a story of Jack London. Etkind's attempt to defend himself on the ground that London, after all, was not one of your decadent bourgeois writers but a man of sturdy proletarian credentials cut no ice. His real crime, of course, was being Jewish, and so he was curtly expelled from the Institute, accused of cosmopolitanism, anti-patriotism, for making errors in his "lectures" (when it comes to crimes in Russia, the singular will never do), and for defending "decadence" and "modernism."

In 1964, Etkind again rubbed the authorities the wrong way, this time by coming to the defense of that extraordinarily talented and unorthodox young poet Yosif Brodsky, who was brought to court on charges of "parasitism." The case is something of a *cause célèbre* in a long history of Soviet "literary trials," for Brodsky was accused again and again by the prosecutor, the palpably hostile judge and her two "assessors" (there are no jury trials in the USSR) of shirking "socially useful work" and of failing to "contribute to our great onward march to communism" by writing abstruse poems and by translating verse into Russian. When Brodsky protested by claiming that writing poetry is also work, the hand-picked audience in the courtroom guffawed. The eloquent testimony in his behalf by Etkind and two other eminent writers met only with a mixture of cynicism and incredulity; clearly, the *narod* (people) and the intelligentsia spoke of two different languages. Brodsky was sentenced to five years of compulsory labor, and Etkind and his two colleagues were given a reprimand by the Writers Union for "political short-sightedness" and "lack of vigilance." Which is to say that a few more hefty pages were added to Etkind's KGB dossier.

Four years later, in 1968, came perhaps the most mind-boggling episode in Etkind's history of brushes with the authorities—the "sentence affair." In a lengthy introduction to a two-volume anthology entitled *Masters of Russian Verse Translation,* Etkind explained the remarkable flourishing of translations during the 1948-1956 period by the fact that at that time "Russian poets were deprived of the possibility of expressing themselves to the full in original writing and spoke to the reader in the language of Goethe, Orbeliani, Shakespeare and Hugo." The author, of course, was referring to the "cult of personality" (a lovely euphemism, I always thought), which was terminated by Khrushchev's speech on Stalin in February 1956. A few years earlier, such a reference would not have raised a single eyebrow. But times had changed, and so another *prorabotka* was in order: Etkind was accused of slandering Soviet literature and Soviet reality, of engaging in "anti-Soviet activity"—indeed, according to one of

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his critics, of "clearing the way for counter-revolution." For good measure, he was also attacked for favoring a "group of poet-translators who were alien to Russia and the Russian language"—that is to say, Jews. In the end the book was withdrawn and the offending sentence removed, and the various editors and censors who had been responsible for clearing it for publication were either sacked or severely reprimanded. According to Etkind's calculations, the "sentence affair" occupied "no less than 400 people, each for 2½ hours on the average" and "had cost the state approximately 1,000 man hours involving highly paid writers, professors, and publishers."

Even though Etkind kept his position at the Institute, his goose was cooked. Two years later, he published a book for young people called *Talking About Poetry*, but its second edition was canceled, as the volume was suddenly discovered to have contained "formalist" mistakes. Another book was in the hands of the censors for five years and never saw the light of day. In 1974, the roof finally fell upon Etkind's battered head: it turned out that he had been on friendly (though purely professional) terms with Solzhenitsyn; that he wrote a letter commenting favorably on a *samizdat* collection of poems by Brodsky (by that time already in the West); that he was the author of a (private!) letter to his son-in-law urging him not to emigrate to Israel but to work for justice in his own country (which was interpreted to mean that Etkind urged him to engage in "anti-Soviet activity"); and that his reprehensible behavior, combined with his unsavory past, could therefore no longer be tolerated by the Socialist State. Within a matter of weeks, Etkind was dismissed from the Institute, expelled from the Writers Union, and stripped of all his academic titles and honors. His books disappeared from bookstores and from libraries, and his circle of friends shrunk perceptibly. In addition, the KGB began to hound him and his daughter. With the noose slowly tightening around his neck, Etkind called a press conference and appealed for support from abroad. The response was instantaneous: he was invited by a number of Western universities, and the foreign press reported amply on his case.

Deprived of any means of livelihood and threatened with criminal proceedings, Etkind decided to apply for permission for a two-year stay in France, but was told that for him (i.e., for a Jew) such visits are "impossible." He had to leave with an Israeli visa to take up a position at the Sorbonne. Thus it was that the "non-conspirator" Efim Grigorevich Etkind, scholar, involuntary victim of rampant anti-intellectualism and anti-Semitism, became a dissident and eventually—along with many other illustrious representatives of Russian culture (Rostropovich, Andrei Siniavsky, Andrei Volkonsky, Viktor Nekrasov, Viktor Korchnoi—to cite a few), all of them non-conspirators, too—an exile in the West.

The above is merely the skeleton of an intensely fascinating, revealing, moving and extraordinarily important story. *Notes of a Non-Conspirator* contains detailed descriptions of how public meetings of "criticism and self-criticism" are prepared, orchestrated, and conducted; of how and why writers who only a few hours earlier had been on the best of terms with the culprit suddenly become his sworn enemies, accusing him of the most heinous and absurd crimes; of the "conspiracy of silence" that surrounds the victim of official opprobrium; of how the victim himself is often driven into humiliating *mea culpas*; of the increasing manifestations of virulent Russian nationalism and anti-Semitism. With withering irony the author names and offers meticulously drawn portraits of people whose records of servility to the authorities and denunciations go back to the days of Stalin. His description of the shoddy intellectual terror within the ranks of the Soviet intelligentsia is devastating.

Etkind's volume should be recommended reading for anyone who wants to get a picture of the realities of Soviet life. It should be read by anyone who is in any way engaged in cultural relations and exchanges with Soviet scholars, writers and artists. It should be on the compulsory reading list of US government officials with a penchant (as one of them informed me proudly a short while ago) for "moving bodies" without paying much attention to whether the persons we invite to our shores are precisely those who had caused pain, obloquy and even the physical extermination of some of their colleagues in the Soviet Union. Shall I mention some names? All right. Some time ago a Soviet "writers' delegation" came to the United States. Among them were several decent men, and at least

Marx's FATE:
THE SHAPE OF A LIFE
by Jerrold Seigel

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one scoundrel—Valentin Kataev, who in his youth had written some fine books, but who in Stalin's time was responsible for the savage persecution and imprisonment of some of his fellow writers, and who more recently hounded that splendid woman Lydia Chukovskaia (expelled from the Writers Union for defending Solzhenitsyn, Siniavsky, and others) and Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Earlier, we had in our midst a Stalinist hack, Sergei Mikhalkov, whose vile attacks on Pasternak are a matter of record. They, and various other "men of letters" were wined, dined, and sickeningly fawned upon by American academics and professional "literary hostesses," all of them so keenly conscious of their good manners as to refrain from asking their visitors about their roles in the inquisition of Pasternak, Chukovskaia, Galich *et al.* Perhaps those who invited and lavishly entertained Kataev and others did not know all the relevant facts. Well, let them read Efim Etkind's *Notes of a Non-Conspirator.*

Abraham Brumberg

Abraham Brumberg, now a guest scholar at the Kennan Institute for Higher Russian Studies in Washington, DC, has written widely on Soviet affairs.

The Structure of Marx's World-View
by John McMurtry
(Princeton University Press; $15.00)

Marx's Fate: The Shape of a Life
by Jerrold Seigel
(Princeton University Press; $16.50)

Marx's Theory of History
by William H. Shaw
(Stanford University Press; $12.50)

Marxist Perspectives
edited by Eugene Genovese
(Nos. 1 and 2; $4.50 each)

It would be misleading to say that the recent appearance of three books and a new journal marks the coming of age of marxist studies in this country. Such an announcement, its pomposity aside, implicitly belittles as immature the large, varied and excellent body of work on Marx that has appeared here and in Britain during the last quarter-century. Nevertheless these works impart a sense of new beginnings, a feeling that the study of marxism as a way of both understanding and changing the world has advanced beyond many of the intellectual, political and emotional obsessions that have bedeviled marxists in the past. The marxist point of view can no longer be ignored as doctrinaire—if only because of the quality of recent work by avowedly marxist scholars.

In somewhat different ways the three studies of Marx considered here reflect this inchoate but important change. The authors, for example, avoid hectoring for or against Marx, and none apparently sees any point in blaming or absolving Marx for what has been said or done in his name since his death. In addition, each advances more specific arguments for the necessity of making a new departure in the study of Marx. Both Shaw and McMurtry write, they tell us, because non-marxist scholarly commentary has frozen into an erroneous, derogatory consensus which characterizes Marx's social and historical theory as philosophically muddled, an illusion, a farrago. In *Marx's Theory of History* Shaw challenges this consensus by advancing an "old fashioned, deterministic" interpretation of Marx which, he candidly admits, even followers of Marx fear is somehow "vulgar." McMurtry ranges more widely and writes with a far greater conviction of the truth and value of Marx's thought than Shaw displays, but he too centers on "technological determinism" as the heart of Marx's world vision.

This emphasis on technology and determinism will probably strike many as an unfortunate regression in the study of Marx. In a recent review essay on Marx (in *The New York Review of Books*) Robert Heilbroner praised Shaw's book but in a cursory, dismissive way. Shaw, he granted, had argued convincingly that Marx was a kind of technological determinist, but Heilbroner went on to doubt that the enormous influence of Marx's thought could be explained by such a reductive interpretation.

Still, the question of what Marx meant by technology and that of the role he assigned it in human life are fundamental. These are not problems in sectarian dogmatics; for on Marx's materialist conception of social reality and historical change are based not only his analysis of 19th-century society but also his vision of mankind's unrealized potential.

Some of the reluctance to label Marx a technological determinist is well founded. Current usage carelessly assigns very restrictive or reductive meanings to both "technology" and "determinism." Even writers who are usually aware of the richness of Marx's conception of work as the uniquely human attribute often feel it necessary to defend Marx against himself. Michael Harrington, for example, bridles at the notion that Marx could have assigned a determining role in human affairs to "forces" such as technology. In his *Twilight of Capitalism* he charges that "Marxism Misunderstands Itself" when it argues that a material base determines an intellectual, cultural and political superstructure. He blames some of that misunderstanding on Marx himself, and seems to wish that Marx had never written those imperious sentences in the "Preface" (to *A Contribution to a Critique of Political Economy*) in 1859:

> *In the social production of their life, men enter into definite relations that are indispensable and independent of their will, relations of production which correspond to a definite stage of development of their material productive forces. The sum total of these relations of production constitutes the economic structure of society, the real foundation, on which rises the legal and political superstructure and to which correspond definite forms of social consciousness. The mode of production of material life conditions the social, political and intellectual life process in general.*

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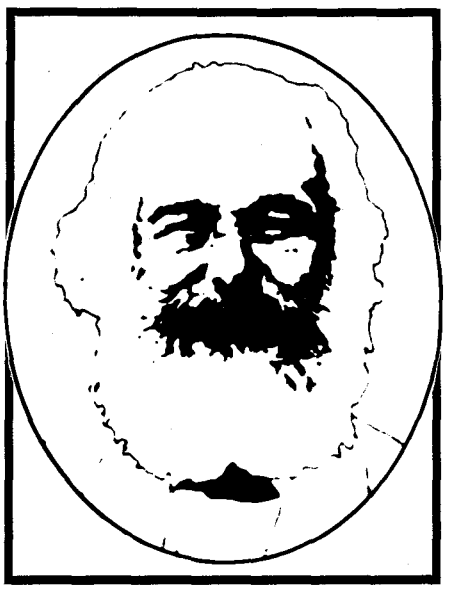
Neither Shaw nor McMurtry shares Harrington's regret. This celebrated passage, they labor painstakingly to show, is philosophically coherent in itself and is in no meaningful way contradicted by later developments in Marx's thought. The materialist conception with its insistence on the causal primacy of forces of production was truly the "guiding thread" Marx was to follow in his work.

If non-marxists and marxists alike feel that such a theory of history places human beings under the control of superhuman "forces" and "causes," it is probably because they are led to misread Marx by our own profound alienation from techniques, tools and work. "For Marx," as Shaw writes, "the productive forces are human forces, by and large man's creations, employed in his material reproduction of society. . . . Only the productive forces, the product of man's most fundamental and distinctively human activity, bear the seeds of true human freedom." McMurtry's formulation of the same argument is haughtily curt and sweeping: "The productive forces are the moving power and ultimate determiner of human history. . . . [They] i. raise men above the animals; ii. answer to and shape the objects of human needs; iii. actualize and extend human capacities."



Karl Marx by Laury A. Egan
From "The Structure of Marx's World-View"

Marx himself was no less equivocal and eloquent on the primacy of *human* activity: "Nature builds no machines, no locomotives, railways, electric telegraphs, self-acting mules etc. These are products of human industry; natural material transformed into organs of the human will over nature, or of human participation in nature. They are *organs of the human brain, created by the human hand; the power of knowledge, objectified.*"

In Shaw and McMurtry, Marx is a powerful but disembodied philosophical voice; in Jerrold Seigel's book he is rejoined to his body, his family and his time. Seigel does not claim that his intellectual and psychological biography explores uncharted terrain. What Seigel does offer in this long and formidable study is an interpretation of Marx's intellectual and psychological development in terms of one another. Marx's fate, Seigel contends, can be seen as that of a man who from late adolescence on was caught between and tormented by two sets of polarities—one intellectual or philosophical, the other psychic. His painful movement along the axis connecting these polarities describes the shape of his life.

Seigel deserves warm praise for the compassionate generosity with which he discusses the harmful impact which recurrent psychic conflicts had on Marx's life, on his family, and above all on the progress of his work. He plausibly argues, for example, that Marx's half-heroic, half-neurotic work habits and not his poverty were largely responsible for his notorious, debilitating carbuncles. And he is equally convincing when he searches for the psychological as well as intellectual roots of Marx's quixotic, self-indulgent refusal either to live within his meager means or to find a job that would have permitted him to live without the "bourgeois shit" of dunning creditors.

The source of these conflicts lies in Marx's relationship with his father. One of the recurrent aspects of Marx's inner life was his compulsion to display the moral purity and self-sacrificing altruism which Heinrich Marx's stern ethic demanded, and which he feared his son lacked. The reasons for Marx's inability to complete *Capital* before his death are many, but Seigel rightly insists that to the end of his life Marx felt a deep need to justify his moral character to his long-dead father, and that this compulsion repeatedly interfered with the writing of *Capital*. For example, he devoted nearly a year to a polemical book against a detractor who had impugned his integrity. Heinrich had left him with a terrible conscience.

Marx's Fate is somewhat less successful as intellectual history. Just as he was torn psychologically between self-assertion and sacrifice, Seigel argues, so Marx repeatedly oscillates between idealist philosophy and empirical studies, between the feeling that reality had to be sought behind appearances and the belief that the world was in fact what it appeared to be. This account of Marx's intellectual biography is flawed, however, because it almost always takes the shape of dense thickets of quotations artfully strung together. These collages are usually illuminating, but they are relentless and too long. This book could have been much improved had its author allowed his own quite lucid prose greater prominence.

It is probably too early to tell whether the new journal, *Marxist Perspectives*, will fulfill the expectations its prospectus aroused, or whether it will simply take an honorable place alongside other academically-oriented publications on the left. If the first two issues are slightly disappointing, it is only fair to point out that the eloquence of the journal's editors and the quality of its editorial board may have led us to hope for too much too soon.

At the very least it can be said that the journal ranges widely, in accordance with the editors' conviction that nothing human is foreign to the marxist perspec-

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tive. It has also made good its promise to engage in methodological dialogue with non-marxists in a regular department somewhat melodramatically entitled "From the Other Shore." Finally, its contributors have so far avoided the repellent, hermetic jargon that often disfigures periodicals devoted to radical social theory. *Marxist Perspectives* is likely to serve as a powerful, organizing stimulus for the next stage in the development of marxist thought in this country.

Richard Bienvenu

Richard Bienvenu teaches history at the University of Missouri, Columbia.

The Snow Leopard
by Peter Matthiessen
(Viking; $12.95)

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children perceiving it began to cry after him to return. But the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on crying, Life, Life, Eternal Life. So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the plain.

—The Pilgrim's Progress

A year after the death of his wife, Peter Matthiessen temporarily abandoned his children (the youngest was eight years old) to accompany the zoologist, George Schaller, on a dangerous expedition through the Himalayas of northwest Nepal in order to study the mating behavior of Himalayan blue sheep and to see the mysterious snow leopard.

The expedition—recorded in diary form, in splendid descriptive detail—constitutes the main subject and essential plot of *The Snow Leopard*. The book also includes a great deal else, especially Matthiessen's memories of his difficult relations with his wife, their pathetic relations with drugs, and her extremely painful death of cancer. There is also scholarly commentary on Buddhism and observations on the way it qualifies the life of Nepalese peasants; and Matthiessen constantly notes the Buddhism in himself, how it qualifies his vision of the world and his personal being in the world from moment to moment.

Most impressively dramatic is Matthiessen's account of the passage through the Himalayas. In images that are intensely kinesthetic as well as visual, he recreates its magnificent vistas and terrors, its unspeakable otherness and sublimity. Finally, *The Snow Leopard* is such a mixture of various things as to make it difficult to name its literary kind. However, there is no doubt that it is profoundly unified in the day-to-day tribulations and wonders of the expedition and in Matthiessen's sensibility—the poetry of voice, his intelligent simplicity, and his obsessions.

In regard to the obsessions, *The Snow Leopard* is reminiscent of *Walden* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* where the oppressive complexities of intimate human connections are also violently repudiated in a determination to see snow leopards. For this, Matthiessen risked his life and subjected himself to enormous discomfort and pain. However, his isolation during the expedition—both psychological and physical—was apparently not painful, but joyful:

In the clearness of this Himalayan air, mountains draw near, and in such splendor, tears come quietly to my eyes and cool on my sunburned cheeks. This is not mere soft-mindedness, nor am I all that silly with the altitude. My head has cleared in these weeks free of intrusions—mail, telephones, people and their needs—and I respond to things spontaneously, without defensive or self-conscious screens. Still, all this feeling *is astonishing: not so long ago I could say truthfully that I had not shed a tear in twenty years.*

Near the end, while he is still in a remote and lonely place, he receives a packet of letters from home, but, lest he ruin the purity of his achievement, his "mountain high," he doesn't open the letters until 11 days later when he has returned to the ugliness of human society, within which the impact of "communication" is appropriate and even bearable. The letters, he says, contained no "bad news." Thus, for 11 days longer than absolutely necessary,

The Failure of Criticism

Eugene Goodheart

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Matthiessen chooses to remain as inaccessible to others as the snow leopard had been to himself. He never sees it. But of course if he had completed his expedition to the beautiful, white, deadly cat, it would have meant going-all-the-way-away. In the middle of his diary he actually writes: "Why is death so much on my mind. . . ?"

It is then our good luck that he fails to see his snow leopard, that he isn't "ready" to see it, and that his expedition is finally a metaphoric death trip, for now we have the product of his failure, a fascinating and beautiful book, as haunted by funereal resonance as it is by life—the very thing he records, pristine, undefiled by human presence—and also by life, the other thing he records, a vile infection, carried by the human beast, that destroys and pollutes the original manifest goodness of creation. In this passage both versions of life appear:

For a time I watch the coming of the night. A bat chitters and stars loom, and somewhere on the far side of this earth, the sun is burning. Soon Mars appears over the dark split in the northern mountains where the Tarap River comes down from the Land of Dolpo, and in the snug warmth of my sleeping bag, I float under the round bowl of the heavens. Above is the glittering galaxy of childhood, now hidden in the Western World by air pollution and the glare of artificial light; for my children's children, the power, peace, and healing of the night will be obliterated.

Our loveliest natural pleasures—even in the mountains of Nepal—are no longer free of consciousness. The matter-of-fact precision of Matthiessen's voice accommodates many moods, including the exotic lyricism of the names Tarap River and the Land of Dolpo. You want to weep for the Land of Dolpo. It already intimates the fate of our children's children.

Down from the mountains and on his way home, Matthiessen reevaluates his expedition which, from the beginning, was as much directed into the wilderness of his mind as into the Himalayan wilderness:

Now I am spent. The path I followed breathlessly has faded among the stones; in spiritual ambition, I have neglected my children and done myself harm, and there is no way back. Nor has anything changed; I am still beset by the same old lusts and ego and emotions, the endless nagging details and irritations—that aching gap between what I know and what I am. I have lost the flow of things and gone awry, sticking out from the unwinding spiral of my life like a bent spring. For all the exhilaration, splendor, and "success" of the journey to the Crystal Mountain, a great chance has been missed and I have failed. I will perform the motions of parenthood, my work, my friendships, my Zen practice, but all hopes, acts, and travels have been blighted. I look forward to nothing.

The preacher is dead right, but, amid the severities of his sermon, one hears the poet sing in every line. Something in Matthiessen is less good, and therefore better, than Bunyan and Thoreau. In his spiritual ambition, he did gamble with his life and he confesses to not having lost it.

Leonard Michaels

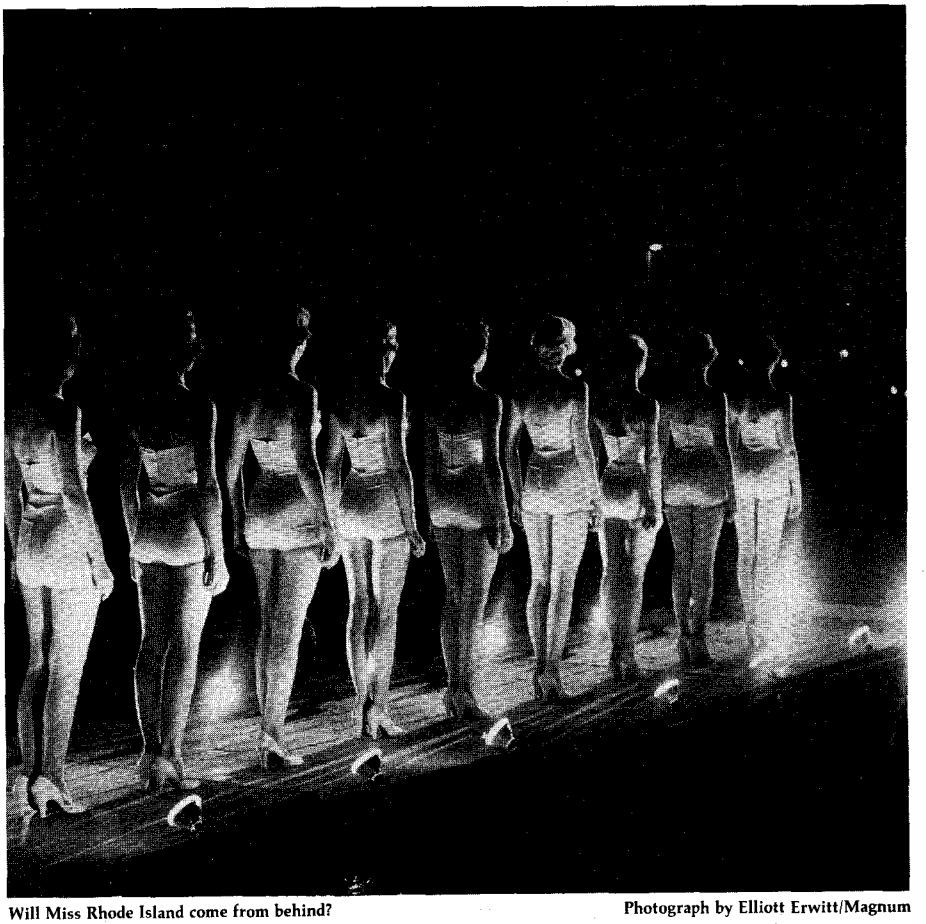
Leonard Michaels is the author of *I Would Have Saved Them If I Could* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

Miss Rhode Island
by Norman Kotker

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95)

There exists in the material world, much as we might wish to deny it, an irrevocable hierarchy: *x* is more intelligent than *y* and *z*, undoubtedly, is better looking than either of them. Within this natural hierarchy perhaps nothing fascinates so much as the fact of physical beauty. Beauty is, after all, an unjust gift of the gods. It strikes capriciously, impervious to the solicitations of class or merit. Beauty, then, may truly be said to characterize the innately aristocratic, flouting therein all our cultivated equalities. It is this recognition that Harold Brodkey had in mind when he observes of Orra Perkins, the beautiful college girl in his short story, "Innocence": "To see her in sunlight was to see Marxism die."

Norman Kotker's *Miss Rhode Island* is, teasingly, about a Miss Rhode Island who aspires to become Miss America, about beauty striving beyond uneasy comparatives. "Who is more beautiful, you or me?" But it is really about our most vulnerably human preoccupations:



Will Miss Rhode Island come from behind?

Photograph by Elliott Erwitt/Magnum

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sex, fame, envy, aging, winning, losing and death.

It all started as a lark. Yvonne Doucette is an unlikely Miss Rhode Island, blonde and beautiful, sure, but also: brainy. A Wellesley girl, a Latin scholar, no less, hardly the type to fool around with beauty-pageants. She has, in fact, been entered as a contender by her "horny" younger brother, Joseph. Yvonne has already experienced small triumphs: "Two years running in high school she had been voted Most Beautiful. She had also been voted Most Likely to Succeed." But *this* is the big time; Yvonne becomes Miss Rhode Island on live television and now when she goes to Harvard Law School parties the other guests are dazzled by her nimbus: "They were too shy to ask: How'd you get to be a beauty queen? How did you become beautiful?" Back at Wellesley, Yvonne has to fend off the insinuations of her roommate, Julie, and the not so subtle hostility of the anonymous student—who nightly places magazine pinups under her door. Amidst the general jeering the only person who refuses to be embarrassed by Yvonne's new status is Mrs. Melli, the official chaperone, who sends her Amy Vanderbilt derived memos: "I know how hard it is to maintain the bearing expected of Miss Rhode Island and keep up with your studies at the same time, especially with all the temptations at Wellesley, all that marijuana. . . ."

While practicing ice-skating, her appointed "talent" for the contest (flute-playing having been discarded because "that was too suggestive-looking for a beauty queen"), Yvonne falls and breaks her arm. Her cast wrapped in a $27.50 Bonwit Teller scarf, her peers' truculence softened by this evidence of imperfection, Yvonne is forced to consider her visible frailty as a portent. Her tragic musings, however, are nipped in the bud when a photo of the wounded but still winsome Yvonne is spotted in *The Boston Globe* by Truston Clapp, who invites her to be Queen at the Quisset Club's Annual Ball: "A social distinction. The first Miss Rhode Island in history ever to be invited."

Truston talks dirty and is good in bed. He is also married, with children, which doesn't faze Yvonne because in him she believes she at last has found someone who loves her for herself alone and not her yellow hair. Mrs. Melli, understandably, is horrified to learn of Yvonne's improper deportment. She packs her errant charge off to skating camp for the summer where Yvonne practices to the strains of Handel's "Water Music."

Then it's off to Atlantic City for the contest. Will Yvonne become Miss America? Here's a clue: "It isn't beauty alone that makes you Miss America. Take a look carefully when you see her picture the next morning in the Sunday paper. That's exactly what you say when you see Miss America: She isn't that pretty."

Norman Kotker has written an elegant novel in a prose consciously baroque, almost elegiac in tone. *Miss Rhode Island* is possessed of a rare, tender quality without being in the least blurry about its insights. Kotker doesn't miss a thing but he maintains an almost 18th-century attitude—discerning yet bemused—toward the corrupt truths that shadow this wholesome-looking performance: ". . .all they're depending on is my tits," Yvonne explains to the strangely innocent Mrs. Melli. "It's embarrassing, how can you be relaxed about that? You'd be embarrassed too, you were never in this position, you don't know how dirty their minds are, you gloss it over, good manners, good taste, intelligence, talent—all that stuff in the brochure. It's tits." Using a coy style that delights in ornamentation Kotker forms ever-inclusive patterns of speculation: "She would not be judged on a perfectly skated circle, though. The circle of the nipple, the circle of the breast, the circle at the center of the eye,

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those were more important." *Miss Rhode Island* evokes an atmosphere of suspended revelation, of fierce mortal paradoxes—the skull beneath the glowing flesh that once rattled across the Elizabethan stage: "And if you do lie awake for a time in your sleeping bag looking up at the sky, it isn't Yvonne you start thinking of. It's time. It's how many days are remaining. How many nights are left? How much time before death comes? The end of the contest."

Daphne Merkin

Daphne Merkin, a regular contributor to *TNR*, has a story coming out in the February number of *Encounter*.

Brief Reviews

Current Nonfiction

Beyond Boom and Crash
by Robert L. Heilbroner
(W. W. Norton; $6.95)

In 1973 Robert Heilbroner wrote a gloomy prognostication, *The Human Prospect*, which was given frightening if temporary confirmation by the Arab oil boycott and the ensuing disruption of the world economy in the fall of that year. Heilbroner's scenario of the future was of that order of grimness which is indistinguishable from profundity, and it masterfully caught the bleak mood of the day. He foresaw such dire happenings as nuclear blackmail of the developed world by the poor but militarily precocious countries of the third world; civil disturbances in the advanced countries as economic growth came to an end; and the rise of authoritarian governments in reaction to these disturbances, governments of which the "monastic model" of contemporary China was the prototype. These were among the likely consequences of the choice that the imminent destruction of a habitable environment would force upon humankind: to abandon industrial civilization altogether or face the extinction of life on this planet. Nothing less momentous than that.

To his credit, Heilbroner did not minimize the immense political and psychological difficulties such a choice would entail. Still, he evinced a Johnsonian belief in the educative power of disaster. Faced with The End, he felt, humankind would adapt—and survive.

The present volume ends on a similar note, only this time it is capitalism that is to survive by the skin of its teeth. Heilbroner, the Norman Thomas Professor at the New School for Social Research, argues that capitalism has been in a worldwide crisis since 1973, when OPEC nations raised the price of oil to felonious heights as part of their campaign against Israel and its allies. With the capitalist world soon paying $100 billion annually for petroleum, the postwar boom, "the longest period of growth that capitalism had experienced," reached its term. Over the next two years output in the United States declined by nine percent, unemployment rose by three-fourths, and inflation soared—symptoms of deeper economic malaise that appeared in every capitalist country. Since then, there has been a measurable recovery; by early 1978, for example, European production was four or five percent above the pre-crisis level. But the talk of even more serious trouble ahead, according to Heilbroner, persists in financial circles. Our businessmen are worried. The OPEC price rise was merely a temporary *"crise"*; but it threw the structural "crisis" of capitalism into the starkest relief. There could be no return to the unclouded confidence of the boom years that followed 1973.

With his customary lucidity, Professor Heilbroner takes us over the familiar ground of the systemic flaws and faults that lay behind the crisis of 1973. There is the "anarchy" of capitalist production: "its carelessness, its crazy indifference to poverty alongside riches, its absence of any sense of applied human reason." There is the worsening problem of disciplining its workforce to perform more and more specialized work with less and less chance of advancement or escape. There is the frightful, ever-present possibility that its goods will not find customers; and there is the systematic mendacity that capitalism must practice both to avoid such "realization crises" and to cover up the ugly facts of poverty and monopoly that are the inevitable concomitants of its prosperity. All this may seem to point toward an irresolvable Marxian contradiction propelling capitalism toward its doom. But Heilbroner reminds us of capitalism's capacity to make institutional changes in the face of crises like that of 1929 or like that prophesied in *The Crash of '79*. He thinks we may be approaching one such "inflection point" now; the "era of planned capitalism" may lie just ahead. How far ahead? "The constraints of the environment, which are the great determining element in the era into which we are moving, suggest that we have perhaps 25 years of growth followed by almost certain curtailment." The environmental constraints are the absolute limits to industrial expansion—the destruction of the biosphere—which made for Heilbroner's gloomy human prospect.

Predicting the future is a metaphysically dubious business. But suppose Heilbroner is right. What will his planned capitalism look like? I'm afraid the answer is more authoritarian, more statist, more disciplined, and probably more inegalitarian than our present system. Heilbroner, in short, projects his fears, not his democratic socialist hopes, onto the future. As he says in a postscript to *The Human Prospect*, "I may live in a time in which no congruence can be established between the good things of the present and the necessary things of the future." This is a little too desperately, too melodramatically existentialist, for my taste. Heilbroner, I suspect, is under the spell of the undisputed spiritual prestige fear enjoys in our culture. He urges us to follow the model of Atlas and patiently bear up under the burdens of necessity. But

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necessity no longer has for us the quasi-religious aura it had for the Greeks. One of the great discoveries of the modern age—Blake's discovery as much as science's discovery—is that necessity is a human work, a social product, a made thing. It can therefore be changed. Thus we can have a planned economy that is planned for capitalists or we can have one that is planned, not by an elite but by the men and women who do the work in it, for more democratic ends. The choice is ours. The future is open—is, as William James used to say, in the making.

J.B.

The Lonely Lady of San Clemente by Lester David

(T.Y. Crowell; $9.95)

The best portrait of Pat Nixon found in Lester David's "intimate" biography, *The Lonely Lady of San Clemente*, comes not from the author himself, who has little flair for descriptive prose, but from a quote he borrowed from the London *Spectator*: "She chatters, answers questions, smiles and smiles, all with a doll's terrifying poise. There is too little comprehension. Only her eyes, dark, darting and strained, signal that inside the black suit and pearls there is a human being, probably content not to get out."

Patricia Ryan Nixon was the quintessential political wife, a tireless campaigner who never lost her frozen smile or uttered a word that might reflect badly on her husband. She knew her role and played it well—that of the simple housewife who pressed Dick's pants, cooked her famous meatloaf and left politics to the men. She was uncontroversial and unflappable in public, unappreciated and unloved in private.

Somehow, despite its tedious detail, awkward chronology and dreadful "journalistic" style, David's story of Pat Nixon's private and political life is surprisingly poignant. The book's impact does not come from the author's supposedly new "disclosures," which are tame and widely known, but rather from the subject herself.

I can't help feeling sorry for Pat Nixon. According to many people quoted by David, when she relaxed she was a warm and vivacious woman. She never wanted a political life and regularly opposed Nixon's decisions to run for public office. But she married a man whose obsession with politics was so great that he seemed oblivious to the sacrifices made for him. Oddly, for such an inveterate schemer, he also appeared to be largely unaware of Pat's political value. He never sought her advice, and generally ignored her both in public and in private.

The most effective part of David's "investigative" work comes near the end of the book as he catalogs Nixon's insensitivity toward his wife, his persistent refusal to show her any sign of affection. In his resignation speech to the White House staff, for example, Nixon called his mother a "saint" but failed to even mention his wife. It is painful, even to the sharpest critic of Pat's facade of political perfection, to see a woman devote herself so completely to her husband's ambition and be so shabbily treated in return.

There are fewer Pat Nixons these days. Women, even political wives, refuse to stifle their own lives for the sake of their husbands. A number have openly rebelled at the strains placed on them by campaigning and public scrutiny. But Pat Nixon stuck it out to the end, following her husband into exile because it was her duty. Her reward is a life of loneliness, devoid of communication with a husband who lives in a different world, or with the outside world beyond the walls of their estate. She deserves better from her husband, and from her biographers.

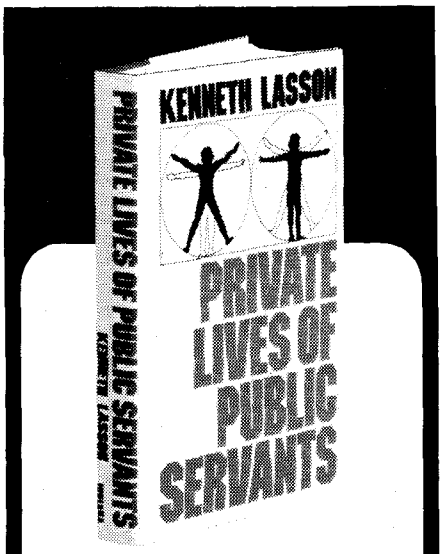
Neil Pickett

Neil Pickett is a reporter for *The National Law Journal*.

Television Drama Series Programming: A Comprehensive Chronicle, 1959-1975 by Larry J. Gianakos

(Scarecrow Press; $27.50)

Here is a cultural observation disguised as a trivia question. What do Jack Warden, William Devane, Vincent Gar-



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denia, Charles Grodin, Howard Da Silva, James Coco, Jon Voight, Tony Lo Bianco, Roy Scheider, Ossie Davis, Cliff Gorman, Jill Clayburgh, Al Pacino, Harvey Keitel, Robert Alda and James Earl Jones have in common? They all had guest roles on a half-hour ABC drama, "N.Y.P.D.," which aired each Tuesday night at 9:30 pm for two seasons (1967-69). Their presence on television, and the quality of the show they appeared on, are reminders of how good television once was compared with what it has become.

The list of names comes from a new reference book that covers every episode of dramatic television programming for nearly 20 years—the stars, the guest stars, the plots, the episode titles and the times. As a collection of television trivia, its encyclopedia format is unrivaled; and for cultural historians, it gives an uncritical, chronological view of the newest and most popular medium in American society. From page to page, the quality of programming declines: the first show listed, "Alfred Hitchcock Presents," boasted such talented writers as Ray Bradbury, John Collier, and adaptations of stories by Ambrose Bierce and H. G. Wells. Hitchcock's actors included Joseph Cotten, Everett Sloane, Hume Cronyn, Claude Rains and Bette Davis. The last show listed, ironically, was also critically acclaimed—"The Law," starring Judd Hirsch and Barbara Baxley—and was cancelled after three episodes in the spring of 1975.

Almost every page offers reminders that television has lost its role as a forum for talent and creativity. In 1962, the premier of "Combat!" brought to television a compelling war program that lasted five years and attracted such talent as Robert Altman (who directed several episodes), Robert Duvall (a ubiquitous television actor for almost a decade), Rip Torn and John Cassavetes. Atop the list of 1969-70 shows is "The Bold Ones," a four-shows-in-one program that collected Emmys and enemies for its attempts to mirror American society. The most controversial segments came on "The Senator," starring Hal Holbrook; in one episode, which Gianakos describes in detail, Holbrook chaired a Senate panel investigating the shooting deaths of campus demonstrators by National Guardsmen, broadcast six months after Kent State.

Lately television has been immersing itself in the same sort of nostalgia this book induces. Programs on 1968 are everywhere, reruns of Edward R. Murrow interviews replace regular shows and retrospective specials show us old film clips that make television today seem like a shadow of its former self.

In the ten years between "N.Y.P.D." (Tuesday night, ABC, 1968) and "Happy Days" (Tuesday night, ABC, 1978), the medium has learned to mirror itself, not the society around it, as Gianakos's unassuming yet provocative book makes clear.

D.B.

The Dionne Years: A Thirties Melodrama
by Pierre Berton
(W.W. Norton; $10.95)

"What will the neighbors say?" Elzire Dionne asked her husband when she learned that she had just given birth to five babies. "They will think we are pigs," she answered herself. As the days and years following the miracle birth in May 1934 proved, Elzire and Oliva Dionne had a lot more than their neighbors in rural northern Ontario to worry about: they had people from a whole continent flocking to their farm. Some of the more sophisticated were rather disgusted by such an unseemly large litter in the destitute 1930s. But far more marveled at the miracle and were completely infatuated with Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie and Marie; between 1934 and 1943, nearly three million people journeyed to "Quintland." At play in their nursery, the Dafoe Hospital, the toddlers couldn't see the long lines of eager spectators behind screens, but they could no doubt hear the "dull, rhapsodic hum" made by their cooing admirers. The girls were front page news for the first nine years of their lives, featured in magazine spreads and newsreels, referred to in advertisements and radio programs. The government soon joined the media in covering the spectacular five; a bill was passed that gave the Ontario government direct control over the quintuplets for 17 years and removed them from their parents' house and authority. This was not quite the generous move the public assumed it was; a trust fund from commercials, photographs and motion picture rights—not governmental largesse—supported the girls and the large staff surrounding them. The quintuplets

First, the Russians awarded her medals. Then, they exiled her to Siberia.

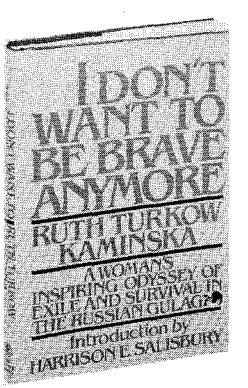
Photo by Jeff Vinson

Ruth Turkow Kaminska is now an American citizen living in New York City.

While the Nazis shelled Warsaw in 1939, Ruth Turkow Kaminska and her family—the most famous theatrical family in all Europe—made a daring escape to Moscow. Throughout the war, she and her husband Adi toured the warfront, entertaining the Russian troops, and were rewarded with medals and luxuries befitting their fame.

Then, suddenly, in 1945, Ruth was imprisoned on false charges of treason and border crossing; Adi was sent to a concentration camp. Later, Ruth was exiled to Siberia where, for many years, she survived by her indomitable courage and unwarranted hope in seeing Erika, her daughter, again.

I DON'T WANT TO BE BRAVE ANYMORE is the beautifully-written, heartfelt memoir of her years in the Soviet Union that gives us "a penetrating and indelible picture of the realities of Russian life." —*Publishers Weekly*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were a national treasure, the biggest domestic news story, the stars in a "real life soap opera."

Berton tells us the general background of the 1930s and all the facts of the Dionne melodrama in a tight and engaging account. He makes a small piece of social history out of the biggest sob story of an era. It was a time when people wanted to believe in happy endings and the power of money while they lived through hard times and faced uncertain futures. Everyone was sure that the quintuplets, secure in their nursery compound, were the luckiest, happiest babies in the world, and that each episode in their lives would make them happier.

But the parents—especially Oliva, maligned by the press as a rapacious bull—were not so pleased. A Catholic French Canadian farmer of moderate means, Oliva was at first overwhelmed by the sensation he had spawned, then bitter as the government and Anglo-Saxon Dr. Dafoe, who delivered the quintuplets—and whom the press adored—supplanted him, and then determined to assert his authority and reunite his family. But Dr. Dafoe's intense fear of germs, the interests of the Quintuplet Industry and the fear of "cultural deprivation" in the Dionne home kept the quintuplets in the hospital for eight years, while Oliva objected unsuccessfully. By 1942, however, when the girls' appeal seemed to be fading, when the press and intellectuals voiced doubts about the healthiness and happiness of their fishbowl-lives, and when French Canadian nationalist sentiment was on the rise, Dionne's campaign to bring them home met with success. Now the media hailed him as "Hero on Horseback, freeing his children from the clutches of Authority," and the public was treated to yet another happy ending.

In fact it wasn't so happy. The breach between the famous quintuplets and their traditional family couldn't be bridged, and the years under one roof were not full of joy and love. The girls escaped from home as soon as they could, but not to happier endings: Marie and Emilie died, marriages dissolved, money ran out. Now Yvonne is a recluse, Annette is at home struggling to support four children alone. Cécile still faces long lines of people—who wait for her to check out their groceries in the local supermarket. Few recognize her.

A.H.

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Washington Diarist

The Fourth A

I propose from Washington this week that the Italian government should reopen an inquiry into the assassination of Julius Caesar, and that the British government should reopen one into the 1812 assassination of prime minister Spencer Perceval, who really deserved better for his martyrdom than to be condemned to obscurity. While they are about it, the British might also reopen the investigation of the little princess in the Tower, since historians are divided about it. Surely the assassination of John Kennedy might now be left to historians. It was a tragic event with some immediate consequences. But it did not touch off a Great War like the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo. Perhaps it was not the Serbians after all who killed the Archduke. Perhaps there were not three conspirators who murdered Caesar. Perhaps they did not act alone. Perhaps Perceval was not shot by a bankrupt broker, which has always seemed a wildly improbable story, since Perceval was a member of one of the best families in England. What does it all signify?, as wise men ask. How often are pictures of the remains of the dead president to be hawked before committees and the cameras? Who cares who killed John Kennedy?, I heard an American ask abruptly last week. An answer to that question, at least, has been suggested to the investigating committee: the public seats at their hearing, for which they expected a huge demand, have not even been filled.

Here is Congress with much to do before it recesses; with the midterm elections almost on top of it; and still with its own house to clean. And here it is again listening to evidence of trajectories; of points of entry of bullets; and of bullets which do things that are improbable but not impossible. The waste of money and energy and time! If there is another explanation of the tragedy in Dallas than the Warren Commission's, it will or will not come out in time, and it may or may not be of some interest, but it will hardly be of much importance. The common explanation is that the inquiry is kept alive by a few nuts with conspiracy theories, but the fact is that the assassination buffs are not just nuts but an industry. At least they are a lobby that supports a small industry. Keep the inquiry alive in Washington and you can keep the publishing contracts alive in New York. That is really how it is working. These buffs even have offices, like other public-interest lobbies. If the prosperity of Washington has been made by the "Three As"—attorneys, accountants, associations—the assassination theories almost qualify as a "Fourth A." There are of course the polls—two-thirds of the people don't believe that Oswald acted alone—but they won't believe what they are told next either. Whose word do we have anyhow that Caesar said "Et tu, Brute!"? If he said no such thing the whole story is wide open.

Lest you missed it, since it appeared only at the bottom of a long story in *The Washington Post,* here is the best political joke of the year. As the Chinese leader, Chairman Hua, prepared to leave Iran, a country of 35 million people, after his visit two weeks ago, the Shah asked him, so the story goes, "In your country how many people are against you?" Chairman Hua reflected for a time, and then answered, "About 35 million." The Shah reflected in turn, and then said, "It's about the same here." Except that the population itself has probably declined to 34,995,000 since the Shah returned last week to shore up his regime. One hopes that the person who made up the joke has escaped.

President Carter should be given his due. He is the first president for a long time who, since Camp David is intended to be a presidential retreat, has in fact retreated there. The lack of news from the "summit" with Begin and Sadat has been electrifying. I applaud Carter for it. I like the idea of the White House correspondents being cooped up in an American Legion hall six miles away, waiting hour after hour for Jody Powell to arrive and tell them that he has nothing to tell them. Only one thing would complete my pleasure. I wish I could believe that the three men have not been talking about the Middle East at all, but that they have been telling stories about all the other leaders in the world, playing backgammon and having a good time late at night preparing the communique with which they will mystify the world. The return to privacy is a relief. Carter might strike an unexpected chord in the people if he began to run a closed presidency, instead of the open presidency which he promised in a moment of misplaced zeal. Why does he not just stay in Camp David for the next two years, issuing occasional statements that he has no statement to make? He might be surprised at the following he would attract: people are grateful for very small mercies. It is so pleasant to have two foreign leaders in town, and not to have to watch all those pictures of them getting in and out of cars. As pleasant as having no news.

Let us also give Carter his due in other respects. He has begun the election campaigns well by staying out of them, able to move "decisively" only when it is clear that his intervention can seem "decisive." He has left Congress to pull itself out of the results of its own legislative feebleness during most of its term, again intervening only when the headlines can claim a victory for him. Which leads me to give my hot political tip of the season. The political journalists are preparing to fly to their next telephone wire in a flock: in the next two months we will read more and more that Carter has been underestimated and that he is more on top of the job than was thought. He should be careful. He'll peak too soon.

If one writes a provocative article on a controversial subject, one expects to be hauled over the coals for it. But one thing puzzles me. Most of the letters to the editor took me severely to task, but most of the almost as many letters addressed personally to me were favorable and even grateful. Most of the letters to the editor are typed, most of those to me are handwritten with care and some grace. I simply do not believe that, on the one hand, there are a lot of free spirits furiously typing away, and on the other, there are a lot of imprisoned souls who write on notepaper with a good script. My critics are not repudiating me so much as they are denying many other women. But then they are always able to close the discussion: these other women are not liberated like them. It seems worth adding that I have twice before written about women's liberation: in *Public Interest* in 1970, where I was strongly sympathetic with qualifications; and in *The Spoiled Child of the Western World,* where I was strongly supportive with qualifications. I even described women's liberation as perhaps the most important movement of our times. I still believe that. But this time I wrote about one of my qualifications and of course there is hell to pay for it.

H.F.

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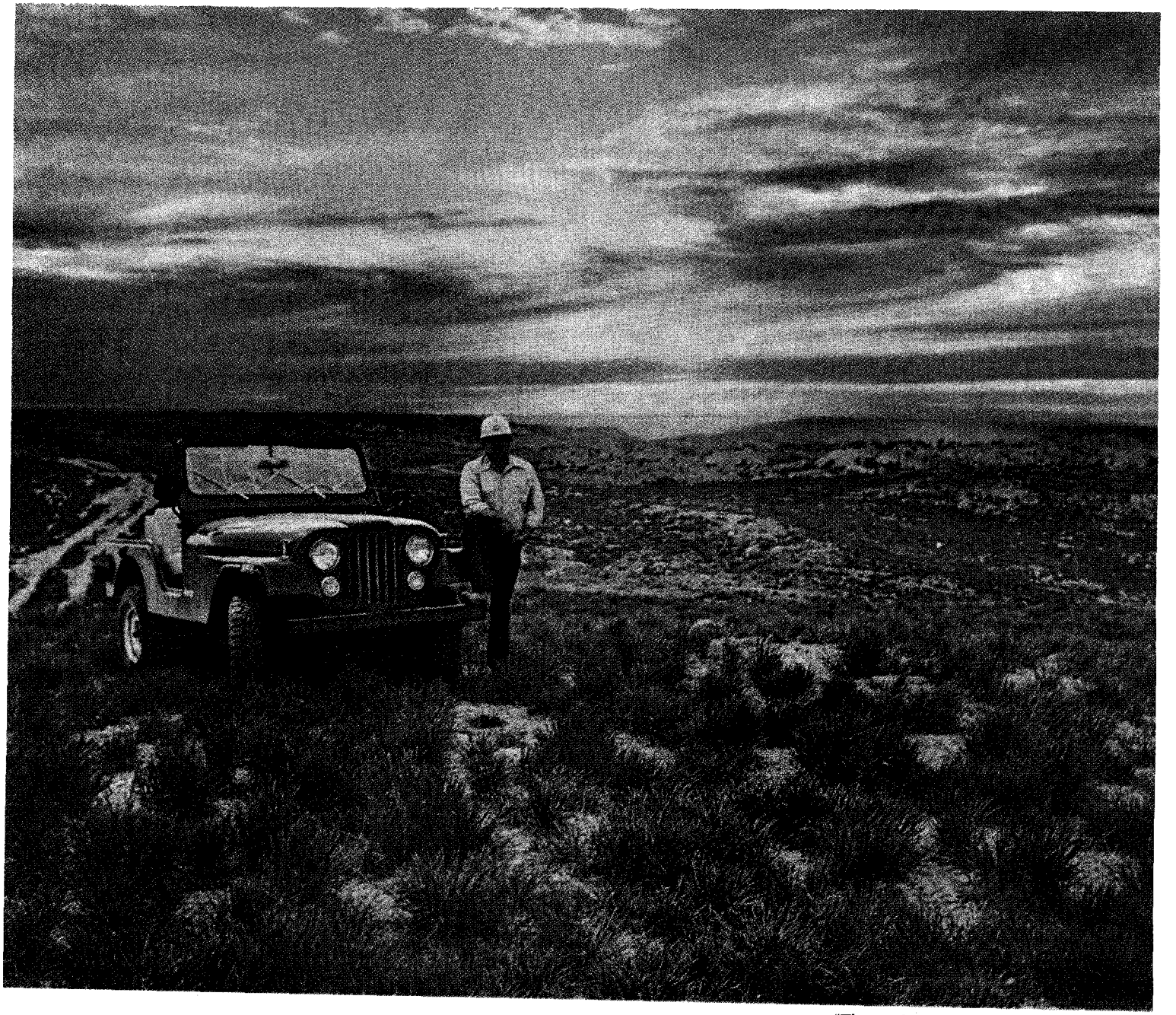

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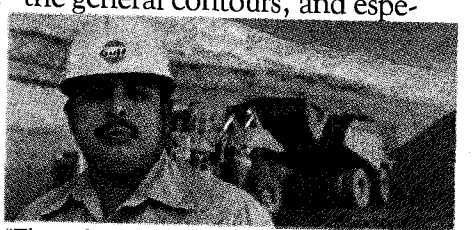

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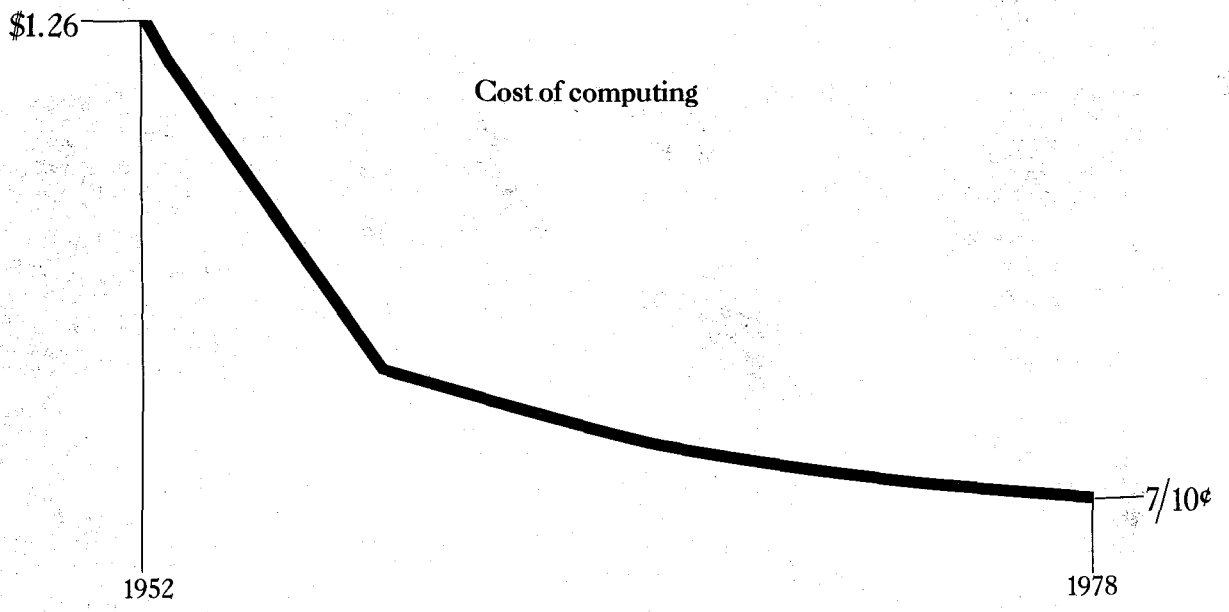

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